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Notes of the Week

PROFOUNDLY cynical as it has become in its attitude to public affairs, the House of Commons treated the debate on Monday night, not as a trial of England's political integrity as regards Ireland, but as a move in the great game played by the Prime Minister. The result was inevitable; the only interest lay in seeing how it would be achieved. The debate takes its place in the long line of difficulties and obstacles in his path that Mr. Lloyd George has met and surmounted. His progress is like that described in the old nursery rhyme:

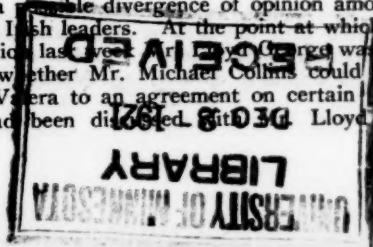
Leg after leg,
As the dog went to Dover,
When he came to a stile—
Hop! he went over.

There is, however, another light in which this feat of agility must be regarded. The terms of the vote of censure were as follows: "That this House views with grave apprehension the action of the Government in entering into negotiations with delegates from Southern Ireland who have taken an oath of allegiance to an Irish Republic and have repudiated the authority of the Crown; and, in view of the fact that an Act of Parliament for the settlement of the relations between Great Britain and Ireland was passed as recently as last year, is of opinion that no proposals for the Government of Southern Ireland should be made without the sanction of Parliament." Colonel Gretton was wrongly advised in drafting his resolution in such drastic terms, for he alienated thereby a large body of supporters which would have otherwise been forthcoming. Even as it was, however, it was quite clear from the speeches of Mr. Asquith, Lord Winterton, and Sir Samuel Hoare, who supported the Government, that they did so grudgingly. They did so because, approving as they did the principle of negotiation, they had no other course open to them, although they remained strongly of opinion that the Irish policy of the Government had been condemned in its results and that within the area of the truce grave abuses could wantonly take place.

The unsubstantial character of the Government's majority is made even more clear by the private discussions held by various sections of the House as to the attitude they should publicly adopt in regard to the Motion. At the Liberal Party meeting held prior to the debate, Mr. Asquith, who was in the chair, freely confessed his doubts as to whether he could bring himself to vote for the Government. In the result the members of the party were left unfettered to adopt what course they wished. Similar doubts prevailed in the minds of Lord Robert Cecil and those who think with him. These doubts were, in Lord Robert Cecil's case, clearly expressed in the amendment which he sought to move, but which the Speaker disallowed. That powerful body of Unionist opinion also, whose spokesmen are Lord Winterton and Sir Samuel Hoare, were assailed by a similar hesitancy. Eventually, if they supported the Government, they made it clear that they did so under protest. In the course of the debate even those responsible for the resolution came to realise that their lack of compromise had led them too far. And Mr. Wilson Fox, whose name appeared on the paper in support of the resolution, ended his speech by intimating that he and his friends would welcome an opportunity, in the event of the Government adopting a sympathetic attitude, of withdrawing their Motion altogether.

Mr. Lloyd George confined himself to making one of his bombastic and rhetorical speeches reminiscent of the War. He dealt by implication with his own indispensability. He threatened to resign. He threatened a General Election. He foreshadowed a contingency in which, in a few days, in a few hours, perhaps, he would have to come down to the House of Commons and ask them to pour out the country's treasure and to make unprecedented sacrifices for a new and relentless war. He made several good rhetorical points. No peace could be made without the consent of the House of Commons. He had not been the first to negotiate with Southern Ireland. The Southern Unionists had been first in the field. The whole Unionist party, by its silence, had approved the course adopted by the Government. His case, of course, was unanswerable. It always is. We would like, however, to take this opportunity of deploring the exiguous information which our statesmen vouchsafed to the country on this important issue. The country as a whole is as much in the dark as to our real commitments to Southern Ireland and to Ulster as it was of our European commitments in July, 1914. The country firmly desires an end of all this bickering, but it does not yet understand what all the bickering is about. We suggest that it is high time some responsible statesman gave a true account of the position.

Rumours are persistent—they were current on Wednesday—that a settlement had been reached in principle, which it but remains for Ulster, in the first instance, and Parliament in the second, to confirm. There was, over last week-end, an important gathering at Chequers. It will be remembered that we spoke last week of a possible divergence of opinion amongst the Southern Irish leaders. At the point at which we left the situation last week, Mr. Lloyd George was waiting to learn whether Mr. Michael Collins could persuade Mr. De Valera to an agreement on certain principles which had been discussed with Mr. Lloyd George.



Those principles were that we, on our side, should consent to some repartition of Ulster on the understanding that Sinn Féin would give way on *all the other* points.

The gathering at Chequers over the week-end, we learn, remained uninformed as to the attitude Mr. De Valera would take up. Mr. De Valera, like Mr. Lloyd George himself, was wisely waiting to study the course of Monday's debate before committing himself, and the gathering at Chequers, according to our information, was concerned in examining the contingencies of the Irish Republican leader's answer. That answer has apparently now been forthcoming, and it gives ground for hope that a favourable consummation is not far removed. The position, therefore, is that some repartition of Ulster can bring about a settlement. It is significant that the full Irish Conference does not meet, but that a Committee consisting of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Michael Collins and Mr. Arthur Griffith, held a long session on Wednesday evening. Sir James Craig will be asked—if he has not been asked already—to come to London.

No settlement with Sinn Féin can take place without the consent of Ulster. The cabinet will not go back upon its pledge—will not be allowed to go back. It could, in fact, only prove false to Ulster, as we have repeatedly said in these notes, by splitting the cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George, who has now weighed up the full implications of such a contingency, is understood to be against that course. The threat of his resignation will influence the doubts of Sir James Craig, and it may well be that for the sake of a final settlement, he, and those whom he leads, will make one further sacrifice. For the first time then, negotiations have reached the point at which the co-operation of Ulster becomes a necessity. That is a great advance. Even in Ulster there is a growing feeling that the frontiers of the province might have been more safely drawn had the whole of Tyrone and Fermanagh not been included. The fact is that the negotiations have gone so far and the alternatives to a settlement at this stage are so unpleasant that all parties will be willing to compromise on their original claims.

As a result of Monday's debate an interesting development has taken place. The forty-three recalcitrant Unionists have, we learn, decided to remain in existence as a separate group. Thus, on the one side of the old Conservative Party rests the small Lord Robert Cecil faction, and on the other extreme a group which contains the remnants of the old National Party considerably reinforced. Midway, there is another group of which Mr. Ormsby-Gore is a prominent member. Sometimes he is to be found with the Lord Winterton-Sir Samuel Hoare *junta*, sometimes with the Cecilians. A settlement with Ireland will leave the forty-three in isolation, but not without influence. All other sections of the Unionist party favour a settlement with Ireland in some form or other provided the consent of Ulster can be obtained. The chances of a *rapprochement* between the Cecilians and Liberalism becomes more remote. They really remain more in sympathy with the other Conservatives. In fact, their strong Opposition to the Government was merely dictated by a thorough distrust of Mr. Lloyd George, and a lack of confidence in Mr. Austen Chamberlain. These sentiments are being shared more and more with the Coalition Conservative members, and should the Coalition break down there is every prospect of a strong and unified Conservative party led by Lord Birkenhead and supported by Mr. Winston Churchill. Whilst we hope that an end of the feud in Ireland will be presently reached, we should welcome some sign that those discontented with the present administration will not long remain without a leader. Has no leader the courage to appear? Everything depends on that.

The Washington Conference is to be formally opened this day week. Following our remarks last Saturday on the realities of this subject, we desire to draw attention to an extraordinary omission in the speech of Colonel Harvey, the American Ambassador, at the Pilgrims' Dinner on Monday. We have looked at the reports of this speech in various papers, but we have failed to find in one of them any reference by the Ambassador to China. And yet, it must be asked, would the Conference ever have been called by President Harding but for China? The problem of the Pacific, the discussion of which will chiefly occupy the Conference, is the problem of Japan, and that involves fundamentally nothing but China. It may be thought that as the dinner was a festive occasion, Colonel Harvey wished to avoid any serious topic, but it is notable that one part of his speech was of the deepest seriousness—the part in which he spoke of America as unconquerable, “with a registered total of more than 24 millions of men capable of bearing arms,” coupled with the fact that her inadequately protected coasts was a “relatively trivial” circumstance. These observations were no doubt addressed in particular to the Japanese Ambassador, who very probably marked and inwardly digested them. But there would have been no object in making them were it not that war between the United States and Japan is a certainty unless Japan effects a radical change in her policy towards China. It is China that really matters.

Our principal newspapers in their leading articles on the Conference continue to say flattering things of Japan, and to minimise the question of China or not mention it at all; but it is remarkable that their Washington correspondents in their messages give them astonishingly little support, in fact much the contrary. Thus the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in a telegram dated November 1, stated that the primary object of the Conference was now seen by everyone in America to be not armaments, but politics, and that all political questions revolve around China—“The heart of the Conference is Sino-Japanese relations.” He went on to say that while Japan, who realised that regarding China she was on her defence in the presence of hostile American sentiment, was and would be conciliatory, she was unlikely to surrender anything she had acquired unless offered sufficient compensation. This compensation, he suggested, might take the form of a financial control of China by the United States for the common good. But Japan has shown by her actions in Manchuria that nothing is farther from her mind than the common good; it is solely the good of Japan, as she conceives it, that fills her thoughts. It is often urged that Japan should be given compensation at China's expense in territory, say, in Manchuria, because of the Japanese increase in population. But China increases far faster than Japan. Since 1900 the population of China has increased by 68 millions, this increase being in itself greater than the whole population of Japan.

We are glad to note that a leading article in Wednesday's *Times* reinforces one entitled ‘Attend to Turkey’ which appeared in our last issue. For weeks past we have drawn attention to the crisis in the Near East, and urged that a settlement should be made by our Government with Mustafa Kemal and the Turkish Nationalists at Angora, who are the real representatives of the whole Turkish people. France has concluded a treaty of peace, on terms that are certainly not unfavourable to herself, with the Kemalists, and it has just been announced that Italy is about to follow her example, no doubt with a view to obtaining somewhat similar economic advantages. M. Gounaris, the Greek Premier, is in London, and has been discussing the situation with our Foreign Office, which, it is to be supposed—we wish we could be sure of it—has been dealing “faithfully” with him by telling him that, far from sympathising

ing with Greek aggression, Great Britain is determined to make peace with the Turks on a territorial basis that will be fair to them. We learn that the Angora Assembly is dispatching a mission to this and other countries interested to explain the Nationalist aims and hopes, so an opportunity for arriving at a settlement will soon present itself, and it must not be lost, for peace in the Near East means in effect peace also in the British Middle East.

Though it has by no means passed, the crisis in Germany may at least be said to have taken a turn for the better, as there is a perceptible easing of the political situation owing to the successful start of the new Government. The result of the debate in the Reichstag arising out of the presentation by Dr. Wirth of the reconstructed Cabinet was that a vote of confidence was passed by a substantial majority—nearly a hundred votes. In the minority were not only the parties of the extreme Right but also of the extreme Left, and as of course the greatest antipathy exists between the two groups, their combination was merely temporary and had little reality behind it. No member of the German People's (Industrialist) Party is included in the Ministry; this party, unfortunately for the general interest which requires economic stability in Germany, remains stubbornly hostile to the Chancellor. The most striking change in the personnel of the Government is that which is caused by the omission from it of Dr. Rathenau, formerly Minister of Reconstruction, and one of the authors of the Wiesbaden Agreement; but it is expected that he will join the Cabinet later, when the Democrats, the party to which he belongs, will again rally to Dr. Wirth.

Negotiations respecting the status to be accorded to Egypt have been proceeding for some months here in London between our Government and the Egyptian Delegation headed by Adly Pasha, and we think it high time that a decision was reached. As we understand the position, it has been agreed that the Protectorate which was established in the early days of the war shall be replaced by a Treaty of Alliance giving complete, unequivocal recognition of the independence of Egypt. The trouble comes with regard to the guarantees required, and unquestionably necessary, by Great Britain for the security of the great permanent British interests in Egypt, particularly of the Suez Canal, one of the vital links of the Empire. No British Government can afford to neglect or fail to insist on obtaining such guarantees; but they will be useless unless they have a definite military value, and this would seem to connote a continuance of the occupation. But surely an agreement could be reached by which the garrisons in the towns might be gradually reduced as the Egyptians manifested more and more their capacity for self-government, always supposing that they did manifest it. As for the Canal, it is axiomatic—even to the Egyptians, we believe—that British troops must always be in adequate force to defend it, for while Great Britain holds it primarily for the Empire she also holds it in trust for the world.

The House of Commons went into Committee on November 3rd on the Local Authorities (Financial Provisions) Bill. This is one of the palliative measures submitted by the Government to Parliament in the present session which has not received the attention it deserves. It is of such vital importance to Londoners that they will do well to acquaint themselves with its provisions. The net effect of the Bill is to distribute the whole cost of the outdoor relief administered by each Board of Guardians in London from the shoulders of the ratepayers of the individual Unions to those of London as a whole, with the consequence, of course, that Westminster, the City, and the Strand, will have to bear the burden of pauperism of Poplar, Shoreditch and Stepney. Such an arrangement involves as a consequence that the people of Poplar should charge the

people of Westminster with the cost of their own administration so far as they cannot comfortably bear it themselves, *without the citizens of Westminster having any say in the matter at all*. This is simply taxation without representation in a new guise.

The result of the Municipal elections held throughout the country on Tuesday is to leave the state of the parties very much as they were before. Labour gained slightly on the total returns, but it is significant that some of its severest reverses occurred in industrial areas. Apparently even the working-classes are tiring of the extravagances which local Labour legislation entails. The towns in which Labour has the greatest successes are often those which have a middle-class electorate that steadily refrains from exercising its privilege of voting, while vehemently exercising its privilege of complaining. If only it could be prevailed upon to vote there might no longer be occasion for it to complain.

The Home Secretary appears to be quite unfit to be at the head of a great and important public office. The Home Office is one of the most highly organised and conservative of the civil departments, and no doubt it is one of the most efficient. That is all the more reason why the Minister who is responsible to Parliament for it should be a strong man, with high ideals, moral courage and a sense of public duty. None of these qualities appear in Mr. Shortt's public record. He who had the authority to release the son of a friend from Pentonville Prison in order that he might go to a comfortable nursing home, from which he conveniently escaped, has "no authority" to release a prisoner temporarily, even under escort, for the purpose of marriage to the girl who is about to become the mother of his child; and he flatly refuses to ask the Archbishop for a licence so that the marriage may be performed in prison. This is pure Bumbledom; it is entirely in line with Mr. Shortt's other doings; and frankly we find it intolerable. Such a Minister is a discredit even to Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet.

As time goes by and no repressive action is taken, Communist activity in this country grows bolder. Meetings have been broken up and the Union Jack torn and trampled on; recruiting for the "Red Army" is being more or less openly conducted; the *Communist* contains weekly articles of traitorous or anarchistic intent; and still nothing is done by the Home Office. Not a single arrest was made after the disorderly outburst at the Central Hall meeting last week, nor, as far as we know, after a similar disturbance in the Midlands. Why is this indulgence granted to a sinister and insidious organisation which has as its avowed object the disruption of law and order and the imposition of a reign of terror?

Throughout the country to-night (weather permitting) youthful enthusiasts will suitably register their disapproval of popery, and effigies of the hapless Guido will frizzle upon a thousand pyres. It is strange that this comparatively trivial and bloodless victory should be singled out from all our history as one to be annually commemorated by the nation more enthusiastically and generally than its more startling triumphs. The thing has become a meaningless tradition. Its political significance has long since given place to a mere childish delight in playing with fire, but at least it absolves us of the charge of taking our pleasures or celebrating our victories sadly. And yet, how disproportionate to the event may be the celebration! A hundred or two melancholy souls may conscientiously drag their way round Nelson's Column on Trafalgar Day, but on Guy Fawkes's Day ten thousand ecstatic islanders dance like dervishes round the leaping flames, celebrating the defeat of half-a-dozen miserable conspirators caught setting fire to a fuse in a cellar.

THE LOST LEADER

THE debate in the House of Commons on Monday was only nominally concerned with Ireland, and the division only nominally concerned with the motion. Neither the debate nor the motion conveys any accurate idea of the real issue which was in dispute. What was at stake might just as appropriately have been contended for on a question of Timbuctoo. Every member of the House knew it. Those outside did not. Dust was thrown in their eyes. It is always being thrown in their eyes. Do we know anything more about the Irish situation now? Not a thing. Do we know anything more of our commitments to Southern Ireland and to Ulster? Not a whit. As far as we know the Irish situation remains unchanged, and no one in the House of Commons expected that Colonel Gretton's motion would alter it. Something else has changed, and everyone in the House of Commons knew that Colonel Gretton's motion would register it. Mr. Austen Chamberlain no longer leads the Unionist Party. He has seceded from the Unionist Party—like a great many other Unionists. But even the other Unionists who have seceded are not likely to submit to his leadership. It is not so much that these men have forsaken their party, but the very character of their Unionism has changed. For them Unionism has ceased to be a belief and has become a creed. It is greatly to the credit of the Party discipline that there were only forty-three members found who refused to recognise that a creed can be altered by a General Council. For Monday's debate was merely a General Council of the Conservative Party, meeting by appointment in St. Stephen's. The issue was: Shall the canons of the faith be altered by the Synod of Westminster? And the canons, already altered in spirit, were altered in fact. So was the hierarchy.

How have the canons been altered? At the time when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was introduced, it was a tenet of the Unionist faith that Home Rule in whatsoever form was anathema; that the independence of Ireland, or any section of it, was anathema; that any tampering with the unity of the realm was anathema. To what shall we ascribe the change? Had it not been for the latitudinarianism of the Œcumenical Council of Versailles where the pernicious doctrines of self-determination were openly advocated and unblushingly espoused, Unionism might have been to-day what it once was—Unionism. It might even have been preserved had the new gospel of President Wilson, which brought not Peace but a Sword, come no nearer than the distracted countries of the Continent. But when the new Gospel crosses the Channel, who can be surprised at a revision of the doctrines of the old faith?

The Vote of Censure—unsuccessful though in itself it was—has shaken the Government by shaking the Conservative Party. The Government will not recover. We are on the eve of a new political orientation. The dawn of a new political faith streaks the horizon with its faint beginnings. All the secessions of the past, the abandonments by leaders of their parties and by parties of their leaders will be as nothing to the transformations which we shall presently see. For it is not a case of a stray leader looking for a party or a recalcitrant section searching for a leader. There is hardly a man in the House of Commons who knows where to turn. There is a groping in the political twilight, a search for new formulas and new faiths; hope and despair are intermingled. By the merest chance Colonel Gretton's motion was wrongly drafted. It provided no sanctuary for the true feelings of an Opposition. Like Mr. Lambert's £800,000,000 Budget motion in the last session it went too far. Lord Robert Cecil had down an amendment which was more consistent with the sentiments of the dissatisfied majority. He wished to deplore "the policy or want of policy of the Government of Ireland during the last three years," with the reservation that "to break off negotiations with the Sinn Féin leaders at the present stage would only add to the dan-

gers and difficulties of the situation." Had the four gentlemen responsible for the motion actually moved been willing to give way before a resolution such as this, the Government might well have been defeated. The Labour Party, consistently with its conscience, might have supported it. The Liberal Party would have supported it. The group led by Lord Winterton and Sir Samuel Hoare could equally have joined forces with it, thus bringing the two extreme flanks of the disgruntled Unionists into unison. As it was, the Speaker ruled Lord Robert Cecil's and Lord Winterton's amendments out of order, and saved the Government.

Small wonder, therefore, that the Prime Minister with precipitate haste seized on Colonel Gretton's motion, and choosing both the *venue* and the hour of battle, vanquished his enemies—on paper. Small wonder, therefore, also, that the disaffected majority in the House of Commons by an ill-conceived and ill-organized attack lost what they might have gained—and what the country might have gained also—a clean administration. But they made one thing clear. The Prime Minister has postponed defeat. He has not made it impossible. We make one urgent recommendation to the members of the House of Commons. Next time let them choose such phrases in their resolutions as shall leave no loophole for escape. It is abundantly clear that while the House is not opposed in principle to the Irish negotiations, it is opposed in principle to the people who are negotiating; that while it is not opposed in principle to the conclusion of a peace, it is opposed in principle to such a peace being made by the instrumentality of an administration which, but a few short months ago, was proclaiming "We have the Rebels well in hand; a few short weeks and contentment will reign in Ireland." Undoubtedly, this is the view of the greater portion of the House of Commons. Those, however, who took action on Monday last performed a great service. The Coalition is sick and no skill can cure it. The death may be a lingering one, but the virus is working in the veins.

For one thing we are sorry. Mr. Austen Chamberlain lost on Monday, and lost irrevocably, his leadership. The full force of that loss can only be apparent to those who witnessed the scene. As he sat through the long afternoon and evening on the Treasury Bench, his hat tilted on his eyes and his hands plunged deeply in his pockets, two Conservative members of the Cabinet sat next to him—Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and Sir Robert Horne. The former will stick to him, perhaps; the latter, so long as he sticks to Mr. Lloyd George. But a man so finely bred in the traditions of a great party could not feel well at ease amongst such new-crowned potentates. How could he confide in them the sorrow which was in his heart? When Mr. Chamberlain spoke, he spoke with emotion, and he is not an emotional man. He was obstructed—shouted down—by his own party. When he was cheered, it was not his erstwhile followers cheering. How strange it must have sounded in his ears! When he broke with precedent and, ceasing to address the House, appealed to the Unionists, he spoke to men who were deaf to his appeals. By no means let it be thought that the Lord Privy Seal has no longer before him a continuance of power. But will he ever achieve the ambition which is nearest to his heart? Will he ever preside over a Unionist administration? Other claimants have risen up who cannot be ignored—claimants perhaps who will not lead a purely Conservative administration. And if Mr. Chamberlain has lost what opportunity he had it is not because he has betrayed, but because he has set his conception of the right above his own best interests. There has never been a statesman of more transparent integrity or more evenly-balanced character in the Councils of any Government. We live, however, in an age when such virtues are cynically regarded. Perhaps that is why a broad smile never left the face of Mr. Lloyd George throughout the debate.

THE PRINCE AND INDIA

LAST week we briefly expressed disapproval of Lord Curzon's attempt to silence discussion of Indian affairs in the House of Lords on the day of the Prince's departure for India. Such discussion we hold to be the more necessary because public opinion here receives so little and such timid or biased direction from India. It is not only that, as we have lately complained, the cabled news from that part of the Empire is rather niggardly of detail and uninforming in regard to the status and present influence of the agitators or loyalists whose threats or assurances are communicated to the British public. It is not only that some of the messages are evidently coloured by the forced optimism of officials at Delhi or Simla. Were the news services from India improved out of recognition, there would still be some lack of material on which to judge the Indian situation and the temper of the many and sharply divided races lumped together as the people of India when facile allusions are made to Indian unanimity in welcoming the Prince of Wales.

Material would be lacking for two main reasons: first, the impossibility of ascertaining what tens of millions of the Indian peasantry feel as they become dimly aware of the progress of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme; second, the almost complete abandonment by the British non-officials in India of efforts to inform their kinsfolk here of the realities of the situation. Of the former of these reasons we shall say little. The backward communities have found no spokesmen, and our ignorance of their feelings cannot be remedied. It is highly probable that several million Indian ryots are still unaware of the constitutional experiment or have heard of it only in the wild distortions of bazaar rumour. Where the masses are cognisant of actual coming change, they appear to be more alarmed at the prospect of domination by the Brahmin intelligentsia than grateful for the very remote chance of participating themselves in the government of the country. Here and there they have been drawn into Mr. Gandhi's non-co-operation movement, usually less by argument than by stories of the collapse of the British Raj. But no one can confidently estimate what proportion of them have by now been shaken out of that "placid, pathetic contentment" from which it was the fatuously avowed policy of Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford to deliver them.

The failure of British non-officials in India to keep the public here better informed regarding Indian affairs is another matter and requires some explanation. The fault is less with the merchants, traders, planters and professional men of British origin sojourning in India than with Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, with the Selborne Committee, and with the Parliament that passed the Government of India Bill two years ago. At a time when British official direction of Indian affairs was being relaxed it was obviously desirable to give the British non-official, through the new quasi-parliamentary bodies, some considerable part of the authority delegated away from the British official. Logically and in practical wisdom, the popularisation of a hitherto very largely bureaucratic system should have been effected to a substantial extent, at any rate during the initial period, through the only class in the country qualified by heredity and experience to work representative institutions. Further, since the change of system was not to involve sacrifice of British ideals, there was a specially strong case for associating with the experiment those who alone in India could be thoroughly relied on to cherish such ideals. And since one of the chief dangers in the experiment was that the minute upper-class intelligentsia might use the new machinery to the detriment of a majority almost wholly incapable of holding its own on the platform, in the Press or in the legislature, there was a further reason for leaning on a class unaffected by the religious feuds and extreme caste prejudices of India. The Montagu-Chelmsford scheme, however, denied to British non-officials any communal representa-

tion, conceding representation only through specialised, sectional and in some instances not quite purely British bodies, such as Chambers of Commerce, Traders' Associations and Planters' Associations. The doors of the Councils were shut on British lawyers, journalists and professional men, who, of course, were not eligible to such bodies. This meant that no Englishman could enter an Indian legislature with a general political mandate; and, since in practice the representative of a Chamber or Association is always its president, and that presidentship goes by rotation to the principal firms without much heed to the political or other qualifications of the individual at the head of the firm at the moment, it also meant filling the British non-official seats in the legislatures mainly with political nonentities. So it comes about that we can count on no real guidance from British non-official opinion in India. Its representatives in the Councils are there merely to protect certain economic interests, a function which lays them open to charges of selfishness; they are mostly out of touch with the real, which is the rural India; and, selected by a doubly vicious system, they are usually incompetent to express opinions on the political situation even if permitted by their commercial constituencies to do so.

Largely ignorant, as every one else is, of the present feelings of the masses of India as a whole, and denied the authoritative summaries of British non-official opinion which another system would have yielded us, we must comment on the Indian situation with some reserve. We do not question the policy which sends the Prince of Wales to India, though we confess to some anxiety about the visit. But we would deprecate extravagant optimism about the results to be anticipated from the Prince's tour. There are limits to what can be accomplished by even so winning a representative of the Crown. Very many millions, we doubt not, will greet him with sincere enthusiasm; but it is a settled habit of Mr. Montagu's "politically-minded" Indian to discriminate between loyalty to the Crown and support of the British Raj. Amongst those who join in addresses of welcome will be some who have often openly argued that devotion to the King-Emperor and his house can co-exist with determination to obstruct the work of his servants in India. There will be others, holding aloof sullenly, in accordance with the non-co-operation policy, which survives failure and ridicule because the principle of passive resistance is congenial to the Eastern mind. We hope we may be wrong, but we regard it as likely that the practical results of the visit will not be such as to remove all cause for anxiety about India, and we regard that as a poor and cowardly substitute for statesmanship which, instead of correcting its errors and strengthening its hand, leaves the consequences of muddled thinking and timid action to be charmed away by a royal visitor. The visit would have admirably confirmed a successful policy; it cannot be an alternative to it.

LAUGHTER-TIGHT

By D. S. MACCOLL

INTO the profusion of a portrait display at the Grafton Gallery the direction has slipped some disturbing elements. One of them is no more than a sigh; that of Whistler over Lady Meux. Those too ample "volumes," as our moderns would phrase it, were not for him: they called for Rubens. "Take, O take," said Whistler, infinitely apologetic, "those charms away. Lend me the ghost of your cloak, and over the rest let me strew tissues of dusky air." And Time, with the aid of a dark underpainting, is withdrawing the good lady, deeper and deeper still. Yet that faint exquisite breath is dangerous company.

Dangerous also—an infernal machine in fact by its distracting power—is the tiny figure called 'The Last of the Victorians.' Infernal because it introduces among the painters what under the general prohibition regime has been so rigorously excluded, the spirit of

irony and fun. Caricature? Yes, we have had plenty of caricature, but applied so that it should be no laughing matter, either because of the rebellious nature of the objects, apples and jampots and warriors in khaki, or by the attitude of the artist, who appeared to be engaged in some deadly serious operation of a clinical nature. Thus from Mr. Wyndham Lewis's literature it could be conjectured that an intellectual intention underlay his 'Tyros'; but beyond a vaguely tremendous ferocity the painting conveyed little. Savage caricature would be pardonable, nay welcome—is not our world asking for it with its rich imbecilities and the chorus of its syndicated voices?—but here was ferocity expended merely on the paint, and a drawing that had lost touch and bite upon reality in the practice of a kind of crystallography. Mr. Lewis has rage, he has a mind, he has quite unusual technical accomplishment, a turn for geometry of design far and away beyond Picasso and his tribe, and literary aptitude: but his rage is outrageous, undirected; the ingenuity that in Munich would enrich a *Simplicissimus* is wasted in abstract games, and imbecility is not a penny the worse for these portentous operations.

Mr. Dulac has no savage rage: he oscillates between the prettiness of his illustrations or portraits, and holidays of fun: but the fun is to the point. We see him here at various removes. In the portrait of a lady he has shut off his mind and its naughty truantries, he gives him to prettiness. In the Ricketts-and-Shannon he has drawn excellent portraits of that wonderful pair, just guying the attitudes a little, substituting anchorite dress ("High Church Curates of Art" was York Powell's word) and guying also his own Persian manner in the accessories. The George Moore is sheer caricature. Figure, except the feet, action and dress are subtle and first-rate; the head less so, though a possible comic reading: Max has been more happily inspired, or Mr. Dulac himself in his masterpiece of Sir Claude Phillips. I beg the National Portrait Gallery to commission images in this manner of our eminent contemporaries—for one thing the world, not to speak of the Gallery, will not long suffice to contain them on the picture scale—or at least to add a section in which witty comment will correct the photograph. Will not Mr. Gosse, who is a trustee, and touches with so delicate a malice his own literary portraits, urge this upon his colleagues? So will posterity be relieved to learn that we did occasionally smile.

The Veddahs of Ceylon are reported to be an invincibly grave people. A traveller asked one of them why they never laughed: he replied, "We do not see that there is anything to laugh at." The English are not so hard put to it as that; there is an easy region of humour in which we laugh a great deal, and we are great at farce; our keenest wits, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, drop into it with disconcerting readiness. But we do not see how much there is to laugh at: intellectual laughter, satire, irony, that do more than tickle or invite the guffaw, are rare, and the taboo that keeps intelligence out of painting and reserves it for literature frowns especially upon the comic spirit, as if laughter in paint were brawling in church. Who would guess that modern English painting began with Hogarth? Even he had to pretend to keep a Sunday school. Our moderns close up their eyes in one compartment and their mind in another, thought-tight, laughter-tight, or indulge in laughter as if it were a secret vice.

With Mr. Dulac's case as a clue we may surmise that behind the canvases laughter is not extinct. That façade of the stolid and the sentimental, fashion-plate and statistical abstract, may conceal impish spirits alive to oddity and pretence: perhaps, cheering thought! for each of those serious works exists a private version too lively for oil and turpentine. Do our sculptors, of a night, when they have draped in damp cere-cloths their War Memorials and posthumous busts, wreak themselves upon their friends, like Mr. Derwent Wood? Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, steadily

wistful in their public form, could be fellows of infinite jest with a private pen or pencil. And among the living we know there are freakish minds. Did not Sir William Orpen, called upon to portray the sublimities of the Peace Conference, reduce it to a sediment of insect politicians along the skirting of the *Salle des Glaces*? Sir William is after all a black-and-white artist, like most of the painters at the Grafton; for only one or two of them has colour a *raison d'être*. He has matchless facility with oil-paint, and can infallibly nail a likeness: he does well to be merciful with colour, for when he lets himself go, as in one satirical excursion, it can be like a steam-whistle. The public excursions are few: he too quickly abandoned the early vein of 'A Surgical Operation' and 'Connoisseurs': he should have been our Daumier. Another painter, who would not thank me if I named him, hides behind the severest of brows the laughing intelligence and teeming fancy of a first-rate caricaturist: with him line and colour and the word go together: composition wreathed as spontaneously as Tiepolo's, fresco-like breadth of gay wash and a sting of legend. In his public form he has been deflected by the time-spirit of his day into static subtleties of lighting: Hogarth, purged of the tract, Augustus Egg, turned ironist, should have been his exemplars, and comedy would have been restored to English painting.

But if the two currents must run separate, and after all line is the weapon for wit, need one of them run so much underground? Gravity has its countless exhibitions; why has wit, in drawing and legend, no organ? I am not forgetting *Punch*. That institution has its well-established province, quite jolly and cosy, of jokes that will offend no taste and tax no intelligence. They are illustrated by drawings in which dress and landscape and accessories are more seriously than need be explained and made good, drawings that might serve indifferently for a hundred conversations: the economy of a Bateman or a George Belcher is rare. And for public affairs there is the awesome but gingerly cartoon with its tradition of "correct" draughtsmanship, in which John Bull and Britannia are scrupulously cross-hatched. The late art-editor, Mr. Townsend, expounded to me the lines on which that much-loved institution is run. No allusion, he said, and no jest must be admitted that would puzzle the most innocent home-circle in Peckham. Picture that weekly "round-table," plugging back their boisterous spirits, and sifting down their wit to its lowest common measure! But if this ordinance, in its suspicion of popular understanding, cuts the world down to the parish, there is a further reach of distrust: in the *Daily Mirror*, to the already ample exposition of cartoon and legend, a sub-editor heavily appends an explanation of the jest. How Mr. Haselden must squirm under the infliction of that underlining! I doubt whether the public is quite so dull as it is taken to be. I think rather that the shop-walkers of art and of the Press, like those of the warehouses, impose their silly notions of what the public likes and will stand upon their customers, the lamentable "art" with which the shops burst, the Ladies' Pages and Children's Corners that are eating up the newspapers. However that may be for the public, there exists a public which is defrauded of its fun or only gets it furtively, a public not content with farce and its stock figures, not offended by the "bad taste" of breaking idols and pricking impostures and washing with luminous laughter the shady corners of public life. For them the range of a Forain, the sword-stroke of his line, the telegraphic thrift of his word.

As it is, our wits are kept to cover or diverted; a Max Beerbohm is among the unemployed. He works, but shrinks from the great air, was driven in from the huge matter of the War upon his dear Pre-Raphaelites, shirks even the huger matter of the Peace, and dallies at Rapallo when with a finger upon the pulse of his London, he should be furnishing a weekly cartoon for the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE HOUND OF DRINKWATER

By JAMES AGATE

I CONFESS to having acquired, in the theatre, something of second sight. Before the curtain rises I know instinctively into which of my pigeon-holes a play will go. 'Abraham Lincoln' went so definitely into the niche marked "Moral Uplift" that, until this week, I had taken all legitimate steps to avoid seeing a stage representation of it. Of all the functions of art, moral uplift is the one which least appeals to me. I am a sedulous eschewer of the works of Dr. Brewer and Samuel Smiles, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Humphry Ward. As soon as I have mastered the latest ritual of that sin which it is Sir Hall Caine's spiritual mission to deprecate, I lay that moralist down. Until last week I had not laid Mr. Drinkwater down; I had forborne to take him up. His masterpiece had been hailed with an unctuous paeon, acclaimed "with a snaffling voyce" by the wrong people. By "the wrong people" I mean those who, mistaking Gladstone for a great spiritual force, insist that any play about him must necessarily be a great play. Since Lincoln was "unspeakably and forever precious to Democracy," the stage-story of his life, it is implied, must rank as drama unspeakably and forever precious. I do not know a more mischievous theory. I am frankly prejudiced against your stage-Gladstones, stage-Cromwells, stage-Lincolns. True that I liked 'Pasteur,' but then 'Sacha' treads the same idle pavement as myself. He is a *flâneur* held up momentarily by the chance encounter of a great man, whereas 'Mr. Drinkwater' suggests not so much the saunterer as the pilgrim. There is Bunyan in the temperate name, as there is the boulevard in the crisp, familiar 'Sacha.' Yet it is not the spirit of Puritanism that I fear, but the spirit of proselytism, the risk of being "got at." I feel that the theatre which is in my blood is not the theatre of Mr. Drinkwater, that my actors are not his actors nor my spectators his spectators, that the rogues and vagabonds who are to me the salt of the earth are to him only the dear material of reclamation, that he is out to save my soul. Up till last week I had felt that this play was a play such as they like in Manchester, a commemoration for which one does not dress.

Again there was that stumbling-block, America. What did I know of this vast country? A weary story of Columbus; the sentimental debauchery of Mrs. Stowe; Jackson and Slavin; that negroid delicacy, the Jazz; that well of English, the cinema-title; the hysteria of Los Angeles. Nearly all these things are unspeakable, but to me only the prize-fighters are precious. Why had not Mr. Drinkwater written about a President assassinated nearer home? It was not until I read a condemnation of the play by a gentleman with whom I invariably disagree, that I felt I must seek out the Scala Theatre for myself.

A scoffer, I met with the scoffer's reward. You may say that the theatre is not a tabernacle. I suggest that to misuse the theatre so is not to profane it. "'Abraham Lincoln' is not a play." I suggest that it may be a very beautiful something else. Throughout the first act the locale and the characters, the thin, pawky atmosphere of this trans-Atlantic Drumtochty, the dressed-up mannequins masquerading as statesmen, their mouthing chief himself, afforded, I admit, a chastened delight. Here was the New England Adam Bede, sententious, hortatory. And then quite suddenly I "got" Lincoln, in the way people "get" religion. It was no longer a question of liking or disliking. You do not like or dislike the story of the Flood, the Psalms of David, the character of St. Paul. These things just are. So Lincoln became, and I am not yet free of him. This Evangelist of the backwoods intruded himself, I hope quite momentarily, between me and the normal theatre which, suddenly, seemed so much less worth while. In vain I fled him. I fled him down the labyrinthine ways of Goodge Street and the Tottenham Court Road; even,

of my own mind. But in vain. Ever am I hunted of Lincoln, still am I hound of Drinkwater.

Such experiences as these show how much more comprehensive the theatre is than we are usually inclined to allow. Does it not come to this, that there are as many theatres as there are great minds? It is interesting to compare 'Abraham Lincoln' with 'The Burgomaster of Stilemonde.' This very skilful and theatrical little melodrama, which Sir John Martin Harvey is nobly doing at the Lyceum on certain afternoons, is hung by Maeterlinck on the Great War just as the tear-compelling 'Charles I.' was hung by Wills on the Roundhead squabbles. A German officer has been shot during the occupation of a little Belgian town, and the German Commandant gives the Burgomaster the choice between delivering up his innocent retainer to be shot, or being shot himself. The theme is purely individual and sentimental; there is nothing here but the personal dilemma. Maeterlinck sings the ordinary man, the non-hero, the lover of seemliness and decency. He makes the point that this ordinary man has "a most attractive mind," and this fine thing is the highest of the play's philosophy. If you had tears for the Burgomaster—and many had plenty for Sir John's pathetic portrait, wistful, yet full of whimsey—you shed them there and then, and thought no more of the matter. At Lincoln's apotheosis you were dry-eye'd. You did not re-act to the purely personal side of the drama; the issue was remoter, finer, of greater endurance. I do not know that I consider Mr. William J. Rea to be a great actor; I do know that in him are shrivelled up what, but for his twin-spirit, Sir Frank Benson, would be all my notions about great acting. Both are bunglers and botchers in any way of detail; both present the faultless, incomparable whole. Mr. Rea, as I saw him the other evening, is uncouthness personified, his lightest tone a dirge, his speeches anthems. He makes Lincoln talk of supper as of funeral baked meats. Some of his intonations, which do not appear assumed, make me uneasy about his Hamlet. Yet in this part he satisfied me utterly. What dapper actor could give rectitude so comfortable a habit? His gentleness with the bereaved mother and the boy—parts admirably played by Miss Olette O'Neil and Mr. Denys Blake-lock—is strictly of the theatre and within the compass of any purely emotional actor. What is outside theatricalism—and perhaps all the finer, though I will not dogmatise—is a natural spirituality, a glow of purpose and gift of healing. Contemplating Mr. Rea, and through him Lincoln, you are further from base metal than is usual in the theatre. I have one little reservation to make; but whether Mr. Rea or Mr. Drinkwater or Lincoln himself be to blame, I am not quite sure. I found myself a little irked, once or twice, by a certain priggishness in the great man. There is a passage in Whitman in which the poet describes a meeting with the President. "His look, though abstracted, happened to be directed steadily in my eye. He bowed and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed the expression I have alluded to." Mr. Rea has caught this wonderfully well. His Lincoln has a trick of spiritual withdrawal, of communing in another place, which is not a little irritating. That one acquits him of any possibility of pose only makes it worse. We do not care to be so patently reminded of our commoner clay. Methinks the President parades his moral uplift a shade too insistently. Is there a hint of spiritual snobbishness about him? I feel that no human being ever breathed with whom he had comfortably hob-nobbed, unless it be Matthew Arnold. And even he, as we know, was not always "wholly serious."

THE YOUNGER GENERATION IN MUSIC

By E. A. BAUGHAN

FOR some time the younger generation has not only thundered at the door of the master-builders of music, but has broken through. There is no need for the master-builders, ancient and modern, to be "terribly afraid." They have still more to teach

than to learn, and that was the chief impression I received from Mr. Eugène Goossens's orchestral concert last week. Indeed, having broken through the door the younger generation has the air of being obsessed by a futile want of purpose. Eight of them at the concert stormed at us with a series of fanfares. Those extraordinary outbursts of cacophony were meant to be an experiment in musical epigrams or aphorisms as introductory pieces "at the commencement of a concert, spectacle or ceremony." 'Tis an old idea; as old as a Punch and Judy show. Happily, some of the composers of the fanfares have a sense of humour. Erik Satie must have known that his 'Sonnerie pour réveiller le bon gros Roi des Singes' (who sleep with one eye open) would have awakened a wilderness of monkeys. His discordant two trumpets gave me (being a wide-awake) an attack of auricular neuralgia. In the old days when orchestras tuned up in the concert-room one heard even more daring experiments from the brass of high-spirited players, but they were not generally considered to be aphorisms or epigrams. Strangely enough, Darius Milhaud, one of the Paris group known as "Les Six" (now there are five), was represented by quite a reasonable little fanfare for trumpet, viola, cello and percussion behind the scenes. Mr. Eugène Goossens and Mr. Hamilton Harty also did not forget that they were composers of music.

One should not take the fanfares too seriously. The audience, I noticed, received them in the right spirit, as more or less humorous experiments in the unusual. Youth must have its way. Why should not young composers indulge in a "rag" now and then? It only hurts those who have to listen to it. No master-builder need be terribly afraid of that kind of thundering at his door. And quite apart from the fanfares the concert proved that there is no need for fright. By a mere accident (the score of a new Stravinsky work not being available) the concert, which began with Sir Edward Elgar's orchestral transcription of Bach's organ fugue in C minor, ended with Brahms's first symphony. Between these two works we heard Arnold Bax's tone-poem, 'The Garden of Fand' and Arthur Honegger's 'Pastorale d'Été'—both modern works—and Gustav Holst's 'Beni Mora' suite, which is semi-modern. Elgar's daring transcription and the Brahms symphony were the most successful works of the evening.

To my mind there is no need for any kind of apology for a translation of an organ fugue into the language of the modern orchestra. It seems like an act of vandalism, but in listening to the clearness with which the fugue was articulated, and the beauty and significance given to the different voices by skilful use of modern orchestral resources, one could only imagine that Bach himself would have written no more fugues for the organ if he could have heard his composition on a modern orchestra. No organ or organist in the world could give such significance and energy to that ascending scale of the middle section. However skilfully an organ is played it cannot build up such a gradual climax of sonority. What interested me particularly in the Bach-Elgar fugue, was that the closely-knit form of the composition produced an impression of tremendous strength. The employment of the orchestral palette was as modern as it well could be without smudging the design of Bach's music. The experiment proved, I think, that the essentials of musical form are perdurable; only the mode of expression has changed. The range of instrumental tone to be obtained from a modern orchestra is a development of which antique composers could not have dreamed. It has actually extended the possibilities of harmony. That is what the modern composer instinctively feels. It is no good preaching to him about discords when he knows he can, in a sense, resolve them by the resources of orchestral colour. But he cannot hear too many sermons on the subject of musical form, and in his transcription of Bach's fugue Elgar has preached most eloquently.

In these days no one desires to dogmatize about form. All that we ask of composers is that their music should be a self-contained, logical utterance. It may be based on whatever "programme" a composer chooses, but a "programme" not translated into the logic of music has no meaning. After which, even the strict musical forms of the past are based on a certain logic of expression. The very modern composer desires to depart from the architectonics of that form. He has a vague idea that music is not music unless it has ceased to be what we have known as music. To build a composition so that it shall explain itself seems to him a limitation of his art. Much of what is written of the aims of the most modern school is probably misleading. If Arthur Honegger's 'Pastorale D'Été' is an example of their art "Les Six" have been much maligned. It is a pretty, simple little piece of "atmospheric" music, with sufficient originality of treatment to save it from being quite commonplace. It has the satisfying completeness of a sketch, and is just the musical expression of a mood. Arnold Bax's 'The Garden of Fand,' which I heard for the first time, is a collection of sketches in the same style (I am writing of the style of the sentiment and not of the music), but with a pretence that they have been made into a complete picture. The programme told us that the music seeks to create the atmosphere of an enchanted Atlantic completely calm beneath the spell of the Other World. Then we are asked to imagine the adventures of voyagers on this enchanted sea who have been cast on Fand's magic island. There are dancing and feasting and a song of immortal love until the sea suddenly overwhelms the island and Fand's garden fades out of sight. It should be explained that Lady Fand, in the old Celtic saga, is the daughter of Manannan, lord of the ocean. The musical contents of this programme are obvious, but the young composer has been determined not to allow himself to give his work any real musical form. He describes incident by incident and repeats himself over and over again, so that the whole is a mere pasticcio of sketches. Some of these sketches are full of beauty. Arnold Bax has a very sensitive musical imagination, but in his desire to get away from musical form his composition has become discursive and meaningless. Gustav Holst, in his 'Beni Mora' suite has not been guilty of that mistake. He makes every possible use of specific musical devices to give coherence to his picture of the East, and as a consequence his suite has a workmanlike strength. Arnold Bax's subject was just as much suited to musical treatment.

It really was a great pleasure to hear Brahms's symphony after these atmospheric, vague descriptive pieces. Without being at all reactionary I do not see any reason for discarding a musical form as elastic as that of the symphony. It did not cramp Brahms in the expression of energy and emotion, any more than a four part fugue cramped Bach. The spirit of the symphony was electrifying and it was pleasant to think that Eugène Goossens, himself a very modern composer, could conduct this music with such complete understanding. The texture was not quite Brahmsian, but since the symphony was substituted for the new work by Stravinsky it probably did not receive a very full rehearsal. The Bach-Elgar fugue and the symphony must have made many of the younger enthusiasts at the concert reconsider their ideas of music.

MARK AKENSIDE

IT is extremely unlikely that the bicentenary of Mark Akenside, who was born, the son of a butcher in Newcastle-on-Tyne, on November 9th, 1721, will be widely celebrated, or his poems read, by any large number of persons. He is a poet who has fallen into a neglect far deeper than he deserves. His work has an austerity about it which repels the merely casual reader of poetry, though those who will seriously set about mastering his odes—the section of his work which is the most tract-

able to the modern reader—will find their pains well rewarded. Akenside's work abounds in beauties; in resounding phrases; in an apt verbal classicism; and in occasional romantic outbursts, which justify one half of Mr. Gosse's description of him as "a frozen Keats," just as the obvious lack of suppleness in his verse justifies the other half. He has, moreover, at times a certain not unattractive dry humour; and his epithets are often both just and unexpected. Against this it must be admitted that he was a very unequal poet, who wrote very few things which are good all through; and that his enthusiasm was aroused by themes so abstract that it is not every reader who will recognise that he had the true poetic fire in him. Many of his odes would have achieved a far wider popularity had their themes had a more universal appeal. An example to this point is the short 'Ode on a Sermon Against Glory,' which was written in 1747, and, starting with a not very important ethical point, rises to a climax of full-mouthed majesty.

Come then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal Glory's throne?
For with me, nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.
If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

This is undoubtedly fine, and appears specially so (as does most of Akenside's poetry) if it is read aloud. But the number of persons who are deeply moved, as the poet obviously was, by such an abstract theme is but a small one. How much greater an audience would he have to-day, had he been able to write as eloquently, with the same felicitous use of proper nouns, upon subjects of more wide human interest—love, patriotism, or the fear of death. He sometimes touches such themes, as when he writes in his 'Ode on Leaving Holland':

O my loved England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discoloured sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore:
When shall I plough thy azure tide?

But usually the broader human emotions only trouble him, and disturb his studies and his meditations.

Away! away!
Tempt me no more, insidious love!

he writes in one poem. And in another place, in his 'Ode to Study,' he admits that his mode of life and of thought starves his nature to some extent:

Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wishes as you will,
Without Love you'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to lettered leisure known,
Or in social duty spent;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest;
Languishes for true content.

Akenside seems from this poem to have known that warp in his nature which shut him off from human sympathies, which made him harsh to his patients (he was a not undistinguished doctor), and which always militated against a wide appreciation of his poetry.

For Akenside has never been a popular poet, save for his 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' for which Dodsley paid him £120 on the advice of Pope, who read the manuscript and said "This is no everyday writer." Pope was, of course, quite right, but 'The Pleasures

of Imagination' is to me unreadable, though it is patently the work of a remarkable man, and has much rhetoric which is effective. I profess myself a hearty admirer of Akenside, but these eighteen hundred lines of blank verse, generally accounted his masterpiece, I cannot read, though—I speak it with pride—I am one of the few living men who have read Glover's 'Leonidas,' a perusal that needs some stamina. Probably the fault is mine, for I am conscious of a prejudice against long blank verse disquisitions upon philosophy and æsthetics; but be that as it may, the fact remains—I can never read more of 'The Pleasures of Imagination' than is enough to convince me that I cannot possibly read the rest. The poem was, however, greeted with much applause when it first appeared, anonymously, in January, 1744; so much so, indeed, that an unscrupulous gentleman of the name of Rolt claimed it for his own, and produced an edition with his name as author upon the title-page. But this poem was Akenside's one great success, and his 'Odes,' published in March, 1745, had to wait until 1760 before they appeared in a second edition.

And yet it is on these odes, and on those which he wrote later, that Akenside has now to rely for any real praise that may greet him upon his bicentenary. It is these poems, alone among his works, that are still read with pleasure by the few readers he still has. It is in these poems that those intense flashes of romanticism, of that sheer loveliness which has suggested comparison with Keats, occur.

Tonight, retired, the Queen of heaven
With young Endymion stays.

Did a poem ever open with two more felicitous lines than does Akenside's 'Ode to the Evening Star'? What, too, could be better, in its own conventional way, than this opening stanza of the poem 'To Cordelia'?

From pompous life's dull masquerade,
From Pride's pursuits, and Passion's war,
Far, my Cordelia, very far,
To thee and me may Heaven assign
The silent pleasures of the shade,
The joys of peace, unenvied, though divine!

—lines in which the poet employs a manner of a quiet and unostentatious magnificence, which only very great technical skill, and only a rare quality of mind, can achieve.

I. A. W.

THE SPORT OF OFFICE BOYS

By JEHU

I LOVE all horses save the thoroughbred, and him, too, I love when he is not being flogged past the judges or pulled into second place. I am strangely nervous in the presence of Sir Mulberry Hawke, his owner; Mr. Pluck, his trainer; Mr. Pyke, his jockey. I am unnecessarily shy of Mr. Kenneth de la Zouche, well known at Tattenham's, who never owes, who has a hundred thousand pounds waiting for me at his bank. I go in unreasoning dread of Mr. Issy Schuncs and Mr. Mossy Rubenstein. I have for these very harmless people, naked allusion to whom without the prefix "popular" is, surely, the purest lese-majesty, the same antipathy that the gentleman in the detective story had for the pieces of paper of the wrong shape. The enclosure and the paddock are to me caverns of iniquity measureless to man. So long as Alpha, Xanadu, and Kubla Khan stand in the names of his Majesty the King, the Lord Chief Justice, or the Minister for Waste I am a little reassured. But even then I want to know whether these august owners may enter their horses' boxes and turn back their rugs, send them out for a spin, and see for themselves how they gallop. What would be said were Mr. Hyman Leberwurst, the proud owner of Pleasure Dome, to insist upon matching him the week before the great race for a friendly mile and a half with Mr. Abe Tiergarten's Mount Abora? I doubt whether the owner

of the Derby winner derives as much fun from his fifty-thousand-guinea animal as the sporting butcher, first past the post in his local trotting-match, gets out of his fifty-pound pony. That cannot be done without some practice of horse-flesh; the Emperor of China may win the blue riband without leaving his willow-pattern throne.

Backing one's fancy is an exciting amusement, and betting is only contemptible when kept within one's means—morally contemptible, that is. To exceed what one can afford may be the highest financial wisdom. "Many are undone," said that great authority, Jonathan Wild, "by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game." I am not persuaded that one backer in ten thousand plays the whole game, or has an eye for roguery or the horse itself. Your city clerk demands, at most, assurance that the coat is glossy—a *sine qua non* gleaned from the Nat Goulds of his wetted thumb—but he cannot tell you whether the neck is put on the right way. In his bets he is guided entirely by the papers; he "follows" 'Archimandrite.' This gentleman, I take it, is more ingenuous than knavish. His perfectly honest statement would be: You will lose money in any event; lose the smallest possible amount by following me. 'Archimandrite' does not claim to be infallible, but implies that you will make more money by following him than by following, say, 'Neophyte.' The truth is that whether his "information" be the result of eavesdropping or bribery, forgathering with owners at the Carlton or drinking with stable-boys at the Pig and Whistle, or even, in the last resort, of personal observation, it merely complicates the issue. Whereas in any race of seventeen starters it cannot be more than 16 to 1 against finding the winner by blind chance, the weighing of "information" and "form" throws infinity into the scales against you. "Partner," said an impatient bridge-player, "if you play the first card that comes into your hand it can never be more than 12 to 1 against it being the right card; if you stop to think it may be millions." Then there is the question as to whether the horse you "fancy" is a genuine trier. "The odds against any horse being sent out to win," a wit once declared, "are the same as the odds against a future life—a shade worse than 5 to 2."

It is a sunny morning in June and the day of the Dental Gold Plate. I am a city clerk and have charge of the firm's petty cash. On the way to business I open my paper, and compel my God-given sense and soul to the urgency of some such trash as you shall now peruse:

THE DENTAL GOLD PLATE

WILL RATELIER WIN?

By Archimandrite

I stick to my guns that Ratelier is the best thing in the race. The stable's confidence in him is unbounded. His connections are satisfied to ignore his recent failure against Gold Filling, and look to him to reproduce his Newmarket form. Gold Filling is fit and well. Amalgam is probably the most genuine candidate. Forceps has plenty of chance. Tonsilla does not need to be an uncommonly good mare to win at 7st. 2. Pyorrhœa has a following and so has Novocaine, whilst there are late tips for Mucilage and Salivation. Extraction is another well "expected" animal, whilst Exposed Nerve is always dangerous. Tragacanth, who had to be eased in preparation, has, I hear, recovered, but her popular owner, Lord Aussie Hut, tells me that she has no chance whatever. All things considered I am confident that if nothing untoward happens, the going suits him, he gets well away, and meets with no bad luck,

RATELIER WILL WIN

with Gold Filling and Exposed Nerve as his most dangerous opponents.

I spend the early part of the morning wondering whether the petty cash can stand yet another five shillings. I decide that it can. At a quarter to ten the evening paper race-special comes out. Here I read the following:

WHAT THEY SAY

THE DENTAL GOLD PLATE

'Archimandrite' ...	Ratelier 1. Exposed Nerve pl.
'Neophyte' ...	Gold Filling 1. Ratelier pl.
Church Times ...	Ratelier or Salivation.
Tailor and Cutter ...	Gold Filling.
Little Folks ...	Forceps.
Manchester Guardian ...	Ratelier, if ab. Amalgam.
Hairdressers' Journal ...	Tonsilla (e.w.).
The Lancet ...	Ratelier.
Cage Birds ...	Ratelier.
Times Literary Supplement ...	Mucilage.
The Occult Review ...	Ratelier.
Practical Woodworker ...	Ratelier.

BETTING FORECAST

3.0.—6.4 Ratelier, 11-2 Gold Filling, 6-1 Forceps, Exposed Nerve, 8-1 Mucilage, Extraction, 25-1 Pyorrhœa, Salivation, Tonsilla, 66-1 Novocaine, 100-1 others.

Ratelier seems a sure thing. The porter on my station shouts "Rattle 'Ere!", the bootblack breathes "Rattle 'Ere!" into my boots; the newsboys give "Rattle 'Ere" to the world at large. With all these things and the great 'Archimandrite' at my back, I abstract five shillings. At three o'clock precisely, at far away Epsom, a little cloud of horses leaves the post. The world stands still. At three seventeen a hoarse voice proclaiming "Winner of the Dental Plite"—and plight it turns out to be—throws me down my pen. Hatless I emerge into the street. Hardly can I hold the sheet. In one corner names and figures swim before my eyes. The mist clears, and I read

Tragacanth	1
Laughing Gas	2
Waiting Room	3
66-1, 100-7, 40-1.	
Ratelier finished last.	

Never mind! The petty cash will be made good to-morrow. 'Archimandrite' promises something "extra" for the consolation stakes.

No, I am no horseman in this sense. I refuse to regard the noblest of animals as a soiled card in a rather dirty game.

Letters to the Editor

THE COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I observe that you have been commenting on the uncontrolled license granted to the activities of the Communists in this country. I can assure you that the position is extremely serious. This revolutionary agitation is systematic, deliberate, and well-planned and has perfectly definite objects in view. In regard, for instance, to local Government, the extremists aim at getting control of the local authorities and using them for their own ends. A manifesto just issued by the Communist Party of Great Britain declares that work or full maintenance at trade union rates should be granted to the unemployed and that the bankruptcy of the local authorities which would certainly follow is merely a step forward in the campaign. Although these extremists have no objection to violent revolution, they realise that in this country the easier process would be to work from within and to break down the whole machinery of Government, by a series of excessive and well organised demands.

You allude to the Proletarian Schools. A still more dangerous object of the extremists is to utilise the State schools for their revolutionary teaching by obtaining control of the local educational authorities. That this is no visionary plan may be gathered from the remarkable letter sent by the Poplar "Martyrs" from Brixton prison to the children in the Poplar Poor Law Schools. While not exactly Bolshevik, it has a strong bias as the following passages show:

When you leave school join a trade union. Do not rush into the Army or Navy; none of us need do so unless you like, even if you are in the band.

Labour is the only source of all wealth, whether it is labour by hand or brain. It is the workers who should enjoy leisure, pleasure, holidays, and all the good things of life.

This kind of teaching with a final allusion to

"Christ's Kingdom on earth" would be thought very feeble by the full blown materialists and revolutionists of the Proletarian school movement; but it is sufficiently suggestive of the way in which partisan local authorities can, if they wish, exploit the State schools which are supported not by one class but by the entire nation. The British Empire Union is endeavouring to counteract this Communist campaign by systematic educational work in the industrial areas, for which we are much in need of further support; but it is open to doubt how far any voluntary efforts will suffice to meet the evil, as long as the authorities look on passively at this incendiary agitation.

Yours etc.,

REGINALD WILSON

General Secretary, British Empire Union.
9-10, Agar Street, Strand, W.C.2.

IRELAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. J. W. Poynter "read with astonishment" my letter on the Sinn Fein difficulty. But has not Byron told us that "truth is stranger than fiction"? The Sinn Fein sedition is not an urgent practical one; Mr. Poynter's presentment of it strikes me, and probably many others, as most peculiar and misleading. Who are loyal to the Crown and Parliament if the Unionists are not, whether Ulstermen or others? If they raised armies, was it not to protect themselves against the rebel faction who were in revolt against the Crown?

General Decie was the representative of the Crown and Parliamentary forces, whose duty was to suppress the organisers of treasonable and subversive leagues, who by every nefarious artifice were carrying on a programme of wholesale murder and outrage. Would he not be a humbug, had his sympathies been with the Sinn Feiners, and not with the interests of the Crown and those loyal to it? Was it not, therefore, his first, supreme, and bounden duty to do his utmost to suppress Sinn Fein when he held his office for that very purpose? What use at the head of the Royal Irish Constabulary under such exigent circumstances, would be a half-hearted, vacillating man, not knowing which party he was with? Was he not in a position qualifying him to form an accurate opinion of the situation? And was it not making a fool of him after putting him in the position on purpose to crush the Sinn Fein rebels, when through incredible difficulties that end was almost attained, to ignore the true situation, and call a truce with the enemy who had been so ruthless defiant?

Who were the original shooters, burners, and jack-booters? Were not the Sinn Feiners? Had they not forced the Government to take up arms to suppress their unmitigated outrages? Mr. Poynter's sympathy is entirely with them. Apparently, he can see no moral difference between force used for the protection of law-abiding citizens and its most revolting exercise by seditious rebels; that is, between military methods in self-defence and as the instrument of murderous revolutionaries. General Decie had taken office, not to act as a fluid-minded arbiter, but on behalf of the Empire; and like an honest man he did his best for his party. Give us anything but a moral weathercock. How absurd for an Empire like the British, which would not yield to the stupendous dragon of German militarism, to allow itself to be harassed, defied, and dictated to by a party of political fanatics, representing a section of a small nation like Ireland! If this country gave the Sinn Feiners the political domination of Ireland, it would be an imperative duty at least to provide the Unionist population with some other land for a home and the means to settle in it.

Yours etc.,

"EREVNA"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Stephen de Leigh's further letter (October 22), I am surprised that he should still miss the point of the controversy. It seems to me quite plain. I said that the Union caused Irish depopulation. Mr. de Leigh replied that depopulation began in 1846, not in 1800, and therefore was due rather to Free Trade than to the Union. Mr. de Leigh now replies that the then Irish M.P.'s voted for Free Trade. However, I cannot see that this affects the question. No doubt they were carried away by the Free Trade enthusiasm of those days, and imagined that what would be good for England would also be good for Ireland. If they thought that, then all that follows from their so thinking is that here is one point in which they agreed with Unionists—and were wrong in so doing!

The plain fact remains. The subjection of Ireland, economically as well as politically, to whatever passed through the Parliaments of Westminster, led to Ireland's being subjected to a policy of Free Trade which, while good for England, has largely contributed to the depopulating and economic weakening of Ireland. Of course it is perfectly true that that process could not begin until Free Trade, or some equally fatal legislation as regards Ireland, were actually enacted. Hence it started in 1846. The point is that the process was made possible by the Union, and therefore the Union is to blame for Irish depopulation.

As for the other evils for which we have to blame the Union, they would be enough to condemn that Act even apart from depopulation, and they stare us in the face. So far as I can see, the total and immediate scrapping of the Union is the only thing that can save us from a devastating conflict which may destroy Ireland, but will equally probably upset the Empire. How Pitt would turn in his grave if he could see the monument 120 years have erected to his wisdom and political corruption!

Yours etc.,

J. W. POYNTER

106, Gillespie Road, Highbury, N.5.

POLAND AND THE BALTIC STATES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In looking through my Lithuanian mail the other day I was interested to find in the magazine *Trimitas* ('The Trumpet') a communication from a Lettish resident of Riga dealing with Polish-Lettish relations.

Luckily for themselves and their peace of mind, the Letts are not such close neighbours of the Poles as are the Lithuanians, but they are still not far enough away to escape entirely the energetic attentions of the new Prussians of Eastern Europe. Latvia's policy is rightly and naturally to maintain good relations with all her neighbours, including Poland; but, clearly, the prevalence of Polish intrigue in Lettgalia has begun to impose a severe strain on Lettish indulgence. Faithful to their time-honoured tactics, the Poles have been secretly organising Polish schools in that part of Latvia with the object of Polonising the Lettgallians, Letts, and White Russians. The Polish clergy lend enthusiastic help to this work. In such schools Polish history is taught, the Polish hymn and other Polish patriotic songs are sung. The language taught is Polish, and the teachers are of Polish citizenship. That such schools were not intended for *bonâ fide* Polish children is shown by the fact that in the Yzabelina commune there were three of these schools, although the total Polish population was only forty-five persons. Further, the Lettish authorities recently discovered that in several supposedly Polish refuges for children there was a big percentage of Lettish and Lithuanian children who were being Polonized in every possible way. The Polish management strongly opposed the decision of the Lettish authorities to remove the non-Polish chil-

dren, and when this attempt failed tried, through the Polish Minister in Riga, to obtain permission to send the children to Poland. The children's parents in a panic petitioned the Lettish Government not to grant this permission which, of course, the Lettish Government did not. Apparently, it is the Lettish policy of simple self-defence, coupled with Latvia's *de jure* recognition of Lithuania and the condemnation of Zeligowski's adventure by the Lettish Press that has evoked Polish dissatisfaction and a threat from the Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs that relations may have to be revised.

Be this as it may, one can freely sympathise with the writer's conclusion that Latvia can entertain genuine friendship only with democratic States, and that, if required to answer the question, Should she cultivate friendship with Poland or with Lithuania and Esthonia? her reply must be: With Lithuania and Esthonia.

Yours etc.,

VALENTINE J. O'HARA

Authors' Club, London.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—At last a sane word about the Washington Conference! Disentangled from a gushing display of high principle in the cause of humanity and so on, by aiming a blow at international jealousies and consequent rivalry in armament, President Harding's invitation, considered in the light of the realities of the situation, as you express it correctly, comes to just what your issue of to-day defines it to be. Besides a desire to sound the European Powers on the question of the Mastery of the Pacific and to enlist their sympathies in curbing, for America's benefit, the ambition of Japan, there is the itch to play a paramount part in the conduct of the world's affairs—*semper crescendo* since President Roosevelt's share in the negotiations at Plymouth, Mass., and President Wilson's disastrously incompetent bungling at Paris. The best we can hope of it is that American "diplomacy" will be prevented from creating such a fearful muddle in the Far East as it was allowed to do in Europe.

Yours etc.,

S.

October 29th, 1921.

OPERA IN ENGLAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The letter by 'Musicus' criticising my article 'The Problem of Opera in England,' is answered generally by your own foot-note. He and I certainly do adopt different standards. But, at the risk of appearing offensive, I must insist that the mere fact that a music-lover so obviously enthusiastic as 'Musicus' can make such claims on behalf of the Carl Rosa Company proves how important it was that the article should be written. People who never hear music—especially operatic music—performed outside Great Britain are in danger of forgetting, if they ever knew, what a really first-class performance of anything is like. The miracle of music in this country is that it exists at all; for where a continental orchestra gets a dozen rehearsals, an English orchestra gets two or, at the most, three. If 'Musicus' imagines he has heard a perfect performance of 'Carmen' here, he is, perhaps, to be congratulated. But a first class interpretation of Carmen herself, or of Don José and Micaela does not constitute a first-class interpretation of 'Carmen.' There are the orchestra, the chorus and the staging to be considered. My only regret is that anybody should think (as 'Musicus' appears to do) that my article was intended as an attack on the Carl Rosa Company. So far from that being the case I yield to no one in my admiration for their services to

music in this country. But I cannot and will not pretend that I consider their performance up to the standard of the Metropolitan Opera in New York or the Mozart and Wagner festivals in Munich. I do not believe they think so themselves.

Yours etc.,

FRANCIS TOYE

THE LONDON GROUP

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In his criticism of the London Group in your issue of last week, Mr. MacColl dwelt on the concrete and gave his views on the pictures. As to these views I offer no opinion, my object being to touch on a general question raised by him. He asks for colour. The use of colour to express concepts in the sense that the great colour-schools used it does not appear to be within the power of the present generation taken as a whole. Reasons are assigned for this, but so complex that I can only venture to offer a suggestion. Apart from the normal reaction from the colour emphasis of the romantic and impressionist painters, it seems that the present environment calls for intellectual rather than emotional activity with a repercussion in the arts which leads to emphasis or form. But the nature of this emphasis is peculiar. If you talk with an innovator you find he is seeking to obtain recession by comparing volume with volume in his pictures, avoiding as much as possible silhouette and stressing the quality of weight.

Such a process is not without precedent, but, if I may be allowed an excursion into the abstract, it appears that this tendency is dictated by something deeper than a mere artistic fashion. This desire for massiveness and this seeking for definition by the closest study of planes I believe to be the expression of an unconscious wish for greater certainty in these uncertain times. Moreover, the emphatic expression of relationship of volume to volume suggests some aspect of the impulse which has inspired Einstein to formulate his theory of relativity.

This form of sensibility is not confined to England, it is to be found in Paris. The artist-critic Chavenon puts the French point of view succinctly when he says:

... tout est mouvement et mouvement de volumes; on modélèra des plans colorés au lieu de dessiner des contours linéaires ['Opinions de Peintre,' p. 21].

Since the tendency is widespread I venture to think the work of the London Group to be of serious interest in that it reflects a very deep under-current that is running in life. It will be interesting to see if the New English Art Club, the only other society which has had a liberal tradition, will also show sensitiveness in this direction.

Yours etc.,

ALFRED THORNTON

Painswick.

THE PICTURES OF PETER GRAHAM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is the fashion to-day to deride "Eminent Victorians" and their works. Peter Graham's cattle and MacWhirter's silver birches have become a jest. The Impressionist and his successors the Post-Impressionist, the Cubist, the Futurist, all paint pictures with indiscriminating prodigality of everything from a beefsteak to a sunrise, and as far as I am concerned they may be either, their labels even fail to help their interpretation, but to confess this is to confess my defective artistic vision. "I am not a photographer," a young artist replied scornfully to my criticism that three blue lines and one yellow did not convey a sunset to me, and I subsided, meekly conscious of my Philistinism.

The modernist leaves objectivity to the camera, he gives you his "impressions" and if they are not your impression you must pretend they are, or confess yours

a case of arrested artistic development. If the latter, you can turn frankly to your Peter Graham, he will transport you to some rocky headland where you will feel the salt spray in your face, you will hear the call of the gulls as they sweep the waves, and watch the storm gather in the West; or in some lonely glen with the cattle browsing in the heather by the stream, and the mist descending the mountain, the solitude will enfold you till you are oblivious of the medium of your spiritual experience, and for you art will have attained her end. This at least is the creed of a simple Victorian. To the charge of limitation and repetition so often levelled at Peter Graham, as one who knew the artist and his life I would answer, his art was the product of a life steeped in the experience of the scenes he portrayed, and limited only if Nature in two of her finest aspects, sea and mountain, is limited.

If he had not found the subjects he made his own inexhaustible, it would have been simple, with his skill, to turn to others, and it would probably have been profitable. His loyalty to the scenes he loved and had made his life-long study are his vindication, not his reproach. None knew better than the artist himself that he had outlived his vogue, but he made no concession to fashion.

Yours etc.,

MARGARET SPARROW

'E. & O.E.'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your notice of my play 'E. & O.E.' at the Little Theatre, though most kind, might lead those who read it to infer that I had taken one of the ideas in the play from another play. Perhaps you will allow me to correct that impression by giving the facts.

When I wrote 'E. & O.E.' in January of this year, I had no knowledge that any other play in any language contained the idea of a man impersonating a dead man in order to make a will. This is the theme of an old Welsh ballad, sung by itinerant harpists until fairly recently in the district of South Glamorgan, from which I come. It concerned a certain Squire Morgan, who lived over a century and a half ago at Cowbridge, and the details (otherwise quite unlike my play) can be found on page 163 of 'The Annals of South Glamorgan', by Marianne Robertson Spencer. As the idea seemed to lend itself to dramatisation, I made a note of it some years ago, and, as I say, actually wrote the play last January. Since that time I have been made aware that this theme, quite naturally, has been used in other countries: in Italy by Dante and Forzано and in France by Roger Martin du Gard. Whether the Welsh and the foreign versions have any connection, I do not know; but it is, of course, a situation not unlikely to suggest itself, if not actually to occur in life, as it did in Wales. At any rate, I would ask to be acquitted of using for a play an idea which I knew had been previously dramatised.

Yours etc.,

ELIOT CRAWSHAY WILLIAMS

16, Embankment Residences,
London, S.W.10.

TREE-LINED ROADS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the reconstruction and forming of new roads, it is to be hoped that in all the cities and towns trees will be planted on each side of the road (where it is possible). It will add greatly to the charm and beauty of all such cities and towns, and be most refreshing to the passers-by.

Yours etc.,

ARTHUR MEACHEN

Norwich.

Reviews

JACK LONDON

Jack London. By Charmian London. 2 vols. Mills and Boon. 36s. net.

LET it be said at once that Mrs. London's Life of her husband presents itself in a guise far from ingratiating. Its two pretentious volumes, its high price, its description as "The Official Biography," all convey the impression that those responsible for its publication believe it to be a literary event of the very first order of magnitude for which the world has been impatiently waiting. Still more repellent is the really dreadful pseudo-philosophical jargon in which Mrs. London writes when she remembers not to be her natural sensible little self and consciously tries to rise on her tip-toes to what she innocently conceives to be the attitudes of thought and diction appropriate to "official" biographies of the great. On these heights she "apperceives," "senses," and "evaluates," with much talk of "norms," "angles," "concepts," "viewpoints," and "egos" (one of which, by the way, "looms like a genii"): she is also capable of "flexing a bicep" and heaven knows what other outrages upon our language. The desire to appear even more learned than one is is of course a very simple human foible; the point here is that there was no need for Mrs. London to be learned at all in order to do justice to the deeply interesting story that she had to tell.

She is, for example, telling us how Jack London, having worked for a time diligently in a cannery, tired of his job and threw it up:

Insurrectionary he stood forth; though along with a radical shifting of viewpoint, an amazingly careful estimate of values co-ordinated with the flinging off of bonds. Up to a certain stage the marshalling of values must have been unconscious: but his bursts of action in any premise were as if well-considered from every angle. That he did not function without some measure of deliberate thought there is ample evidence from his own reminiscences. What I am trying to present is this: Out of a free range of conscious or unconscious thought-material, garnered as consciously or unconsciously from his already varied experience, he abruptly formed concepts that led him as abruptly to rise and throw off any complication that to his logic proved unendurable and unprofitable.

At this point the reader may abruptly form the concept that this is unendurable and unprofitable bosh, and be as abruptly led to rise and throw the book into the fire. Such a "burst of action" would, however, be a mistake. If he will but persevere he will be rewarded. Most of this sad stuff is at or near the top of the basket.

Jack London was in sober fact a very remarkable man. He had a forceful, lively personality, extremely attractive and interesting to all who came in contact with it; an ardent zest for adventurous living, and the courage and address to carry off successfully the wildest escapades; a good, alert, apprehensive mind which, having missed the common educational opportunities, was able later to recover most of the lost ground by diligent and serious reading and thinking; a capacity for steady industry, extraordinary in a man of his temperament and habits; a character free from meanness or self-deception, and a heart tender, kindly and loyal. His accomplishment as a writer of novels and short stories is known to the world. He was the most advertised American author of his day, and when one considers the prodigious rate of his output—some fifty volumes in sixteen or seventeen years—and remembers that during those years he was devoting himself eagerly to socialistic propaganda, to travelling about the world, to acquiring and developing a great farming estate upon which he raised bloodstock and experimented in new methods of agriculture, to entertaining innumerable guests, and to the pursuit of any and every new interest that appealed to his catholic fancy, one can but wonder at the high standard of

excellence maintained by his work. The best of it will bear comparison with anything of its own kind done by any Anglo-Saxon writer of his time, whilst his tales of the Klondike and the frozen North, some of his South Sea Island stories, and his great Californian novel 'The Valley of the Moon,' are, probably, permanent contributions to literature.

Yet, had he written nothing, the story of his life would have been well worth telling. How, born of decent self-respecting parents, he was incredibly allowed from the age of ten to run wild in the water-side slums of Oakland, and in the next ten or twelve years was successively selling papers, mudlarking about the harbour, sweeping ninepin alleys, sailing with the "oyster-pirates," drinking in saloons, consorting with drabs, working now and then as an unskilled labourer in factories, making a voyage before the mast in a sealing schooner, "riding the rod" under railway carriages and freight cars across the United States, tramping, loafing, and begging about the country, getting jailed for vagrancy, pioneering in the Klondike, working in a laundry, cramming feverishly for college, anon relapsing into the squalor from which he was at last trying to emerge: then, quite suddenly standing clear of it all and beginning to lead a strenuous, clean life, apparently hardly smirched by his demoralising youth—and all this a mere prelude to years of worldwide adventure in peace and war—what a tale to unfold and adorn with any appropriate moral!

In his second marriage Jack London found, beyond any doubt, a secure happiness and a real fellowship that withstood until the end every internal strain and every external assault; indeed a more delightful companionship than that here recorded with obvious candour and sincerity could hardly be conceived. Whatever Mrs. London's faults as a biographer—and most of them lie on the surface of her work—she was an admirable wife and amply repaid in a thousand ways the love and confidence that he gave her.

Due allowances being made for the wide differences in time and space and scale, there is a curious parallelism between the life histories of Jack London and Robert Burns. Both men were eager, ardent, forceful and highly gifted; both by their unaided efforts raised themselves rapidly from obscurity to fame; both tried to live three exacting lives at once; both broke under the strain and died with great possibilities still unrealised. How great those potentialities may have been in London's case may be judged from this account of his life and personality read in conjunction with his actual achievement. How impossible it was, in all the circumstances, that he should continue to stagger on under the increasingly heavy burdens that his insatiable appetites and unresting energies laid upon him appears even more clearly. But his was not really a short life. It was a very long life lived in a short time.

ISLAM RESURGENT?

The New World of Islam. By Lothrop Stoddard. Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.

THE present volume shows the same copiousness of reading and reference, and the same impressive marshalling of what are presented as the facts of the case, as the author's 'The Rising Tide of Colour against White World Supremacy' published last year. It is a book of immense interest and importance, and no doubt will receive that consideration which it deserves. Yet one cannot but feel that if it had been based on a real, first-hand, personal knowledge of the peoples, races and countries of which it treats, it would be even better and stronger than it is.

Dr. Stoddard begins by stating that the entire world of Islam is to-day in profound ferment, that from Morocco to China and from Turkistan to the Congo, the 250,000,000 followers of the Prophet Mohammed are

stirring to new ideas, new impulses, new aspirations, and that a gigantic transformation is taking place whose results must affect all mankind. This transformation, he tells us, has been stimulated by the Great War, but it began long before. In his introduction he describes the decline and fall of the old Mohammedan world, and the collapse of various Mohammedan States under the assaults of the West in the course of the last hundred years:

One by one the decrepit Moslem States fell before the Western attack, and the whole Islamic world was rapidly partitioned among the European Powers. England took India and Egypt, Russia crossed the Caucasus and mastered Central Asia, France conquered North Africa, while other European nations grasped minor portions of the Moslem heritage. The Great War witnessed the final stage in this process of subjugation. By the terms of the treaties which marked its close, Turkey was extinguished, and not a single Mohammedan State retained genuine independence. The subjection of the Moslem world was complete—on paper. On paper! For, in its very hour of apparent triumph, Western domination was challenged as never before. During those hundred years of Western conquest a mighty internal change had been coming over the Moslem world. The swelling tide of Western aggression had at last moved the "immoveable East." At last Islam became conscious of its decrepitude.

Hence the ferment, the beginning of which, however, Dr. Stoddard puts as far back as the rise of Wahabism, the puritan reform movement among the Arabs of the Nejd, in the eighteenth century. His contention is that though the political rôle of the Wahabis was ended by Mehemet Ali on behalf of Turkey, their spiritual influence persisted and broadened out in a general Mohammedan revival that has developed numerous phases, including that known as Pan-Islamism. In its nature Wahabism is reactionary, ultra-conservative, and narrow-minded to a degree, and it is opposed by most of the better-educated and liberal Moslems, who would like to see a progressive Islam. It will be remembered that Lord Cromer, who had an intimate acquaintance with the Moslem world, said, as Dr. Stoddard himself notes, that a progressive Islam would no longer be Islam. The truth would seem to be that while it is supported to some extent by Wahabism, of which the organisation called the Ikhwan or Brotherhood is the most recent expression in Arabia, by the Mecca Pilgrimage, and by fraternities like the Sennussiyya (whose power Dr. Stoddard seems to us to exaggerate), Pan-Islamism is in essence a political and economic reaction, partly deliberate and partly unconscious, from Western pressure, or, as our author has it, "the influence of the West is the great dynamic in the modern transformation of the East."

Much the larger part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the effects of the impact of the West on the Moslem world and on India—whether Mohammedan or not but where Western permeation is most advanced. Dr. Stoddard does not enter into the question of the abstract rightness or wrongness of the subjection of the East by the West; he considers that that subjection was inevitable, but he does not believe that it can endure, as Western political control, however prolonged and imposing in appearance, rests on fragile foundations, and as Western economic control—the second line of the penetration and conquest of the East by the West—must gradually give way before the economic development of the East. Much of this portion of the book is reminiscent of 'The Rising Tide of Colour,' and applies in a general way only to Islam. The last chapter deals with the intrusion into Moslem countries of the Bolsheviks, and the totally new face Bolshevism has put on Mohammedan and other Eastern problems.

The conclusion of Dr. Stoddard is that the world of Islam, mentally and spiritually quiescent for almost a thousand years, is once more astir, once more on the march, but whither "we do not know." While realising, as everybody surely must realise, that this ferment exists among the Mohammedan peoples, we ourselves are not so sure that Islam can rightly be regarded as a unit or anything like a unit "on the march" to a definite goal. Looking over the Near East and the Middle

East as they are to-day, we confess that we fail to see that co-ordination of aim or—what is more to the purpose—of effort that indicates the genuine political solidarity of Islam. Sunni and Shia have not composed their differences, and the question of the Caliphate is not, nor is likely to be quickly settled. We do see the emergence or revival of nationalism among the Mohammedan races—but that is not the same thing.

STRINGENT CRITICISM

Prejudices. Second Series. By H. L. Mencken. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

IN turning over Mr. Mencken's remarkable pages, the English reader is conscious of a certain amused embarrassment. Ought he to be present at what is so unmistakably a family quarrel? Should he not tactfully steal away on the tips of his toes? Finally, he cannot resist the temptation of staying to hear what Mr. Mencken will say next. After all, we are not responsible, and our presence through so terrible a rumpus will never be observed. But it is amusing to conceive how violently all America, from the Susquehanna to the Golden Gate, would be on its hind legs if a foreigner, some brutal Englishman or frivolous Frenchman, had dared to hint half what Mr. Mencken, a pure American, allows himself to say in the plainest terms. He paints the general decadence of intellect and imagination throughout America in language which only fails to seem exaggerated because of the calm and almost indifferent manner in which the horrid indictment is drawn up. He tells us, with what is evidently a very wide experience behind him, that "the man of letters, pure and simple, is a rarity in America; almost always he is something else, and that something else determines his public eminence." As no man can serve two masters, the result is a general abandonment of the strenuous pursuit of literary excellence. The writer is no longer a passionate lover of expression for its own sake, but aims at some other kind of material success, which he hopes to gain by the exercise of a facility in writing. Mr. Mencken gives many other reasons why literature has sunk to so deplorable an ebb in the United States, but this seems, if we reflect on it, to be quite enough to include them all.

Mr. Mencken, proceeding to particulars, says that America has produced only four indubitable masters, Hawthorne, Emerson, Whitman, and Poe. He expressly omits the fifth, Henry James, on the ground that he could not breathe the exhausted air of his own country, and became an Englishman. Of the four he says, "only the last two have been sufficiently taken into the consciousness of the country to have any effect upon its literature, and even here that influence has been exerted only at second-hand, and against very definite adverse pressure." He makes the interesting observation that the reputation of Hawthorne is exclusively European, and that if Hawthorne's "preference for the internal conflict as exposed to the external act were not sufficient to set him off from the main stream of American speculation, there would always be his profound ethical scepticism—a state of mind quite impossible to the normal American." Mr. Mencken reviews the existing condition of the so-called world of letters, swarming with infusorial bodies, the names of the great majority of which are still unfamiliar to us. He finds in them no dignity, no seriousness, no real *lebensplan* as a German would say. We are bound to take what he tells us at his own valuation, because very few of these poets and novelists and critics have found their way to us over the Atlantic. He presents the young American *litteratus* of to-day as an uncouth creature, fresh from the vacuum of Arkansas or Ohio, with a total absence of knowledge of life as applied to

literature, and "full of malicious animal magnetism," and "insane hair-splittings." We hope the canvas is overcharged with lurid colour.

It is natural to inquire into the cause of the general air of poverty and imitation which seems to have fallen like a blight on American letters. Mr. Mencken's opinion is that what ails the literature of the Republic to-day is

the lack of a body of sophisticated and civilized public opinion, independent of plutocratic control, and superior to the infantile philosophies of the mob—a body of opinion showing the eager curiosity, the educated scepticism, and the hospitality to ideas of a true aristocracy.

As we began by saying, we feel a certain shyness in offering any opinion on the subject. But Mr. Mencken must be read, because of his courage, his gusto, and his obvious good faith. He takes no pleasure in the state of things which he feels it is his duty to analyse, but exposes it in the hope of remedying it. He writes with a great deal of crude force, in a language sometimes not easily intelligible, because we do not know what a "campus pump" or a "boop" or "tackiness" or "gumshoeing" is; but we can find out by taking a little trouble. Meanwhile, we wonder what the inhabitants of Georgia are saying about Mr. Mencken.

THE ART OF DANCING

Dancing for Strength and Beauty (Renascent Dancing). By Edward Scott. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

THE title of this book is not altogether happy, and the sub-title is misleading. Dancing unquestionably helps to develop muscle and certain muscles in particular. But to assert that it has the effect of making people "better looking" sounds rather like the advertisement of a cosmetic, and with perhaps no better foundation in actual truth. The correct study of the most graceful of the arts must naturally enhance the beauty of the figure; but the mere avoidance of violent exercises or movements which, because they involve severe strain, tend to harden the features, is surely not to be regarded as a means "to improve the looks of those who practise" the art of dancing. With regard to the so-called renaissance of the art, it may be allowed that general interest both in ball-room and stage dancing has widened considerably during recent years, but it is not to be claimed on that account that people dance more or dance better than their parents did. Nor have we observed any growing tendency towards a revival of the old Court or other beautiful but archaic dances to which this author devotes quite half the subject-matter of his work. Its utility must therefore be sought in other directions, and will probably be found—by those capable of following its precise textual meaning—far more in the technical than the superabundant historical, anecdotal, and descriptive features of the book. Mr. Scott is an ardent and prolific writer on dancing of all periods, and what he has to say about it is no doubt founded upon a lengthy practical experience. The pity is that he expects the ordinary reader to be as familiar with the technology of his art, and the use and meaning of the old French terms connected therewith, as he is himself. His pages are nearly as full of them as they are of quotations; and unfortunately they are not always correctly spelt—as for example, on page 103, where he mentions *demi caractière* dancing. Nor do we agree for a moment that the purely French term *entrechat* was derived from the Italian verb *intralciare*, to interlace. The old French ballet-masters never went to Italy, like the teachers of singing, to enrich their terminology; moreover, the two words do not really convey the same idea.

In the course of his book Mr. Scott describes at length a great number of the old Court and country dances in vogue during the 16th and 17th centuries, such as the Pavane, the Gaillarde, the Coranto, the Volta, etc. He reminds us that Queen Elizabeth danced the last-named

particularly well, and lays especial stress upon the tradition that her "leap" was measurably loftier than that achieved by her relative, Mary Queen of Scots. He devotes most space, however, to the "Menuet de la Cour," which, as he rightly says, is never accurately danced nowadays, the corrupt varieties of it seen upon the stage bearing but slight resemblance to the original. Perhaps the last great teacher of it in this country was Bizet Michau, the son of the famous Mme. Michau who directed the English Court balls in the reign of George the Fourth. He used to declare that it could not be properly taught to a practised dancer in less than twenty lessons, and that it could not be described on paper in language that would enable anyone to dance it in the true manner. Mr. Scott, who pleads so earnestly for the "real menuet de la cour," and hates all the superfluous modern bows and curtseys introduced into it no less than Bizet Michau did, has only wasted his pains in attempting the impossible. Dancing is an art that can be acquired solely by imitation, not by the study of textbooks, and we are ready to wager that if the author of this meticulous analytical description of the minuet were to witness its realization he would never recognise his own offspring. The photographic illustrations which accompany it are useless, not merely because they are ugly, and "fix" the dancers in ungainly attitudes, but because they fail to reproduce the dignified and elaborate steps, or movements from place to place, which form the main and largely-forgotten tradition of the real menuet de la cour. In the picture of the "révérence" which faces the first page on Chapter XI., the lady seems to be sitting or kneeling, not curtseying; while the gentleman is apparently engaged in endeavouring to hide his invisible cocked hat. Surely good diagrams would have been more helpful; but, we repeat, neither illustrations nor verbal definitions will serve to instruct the ignorant or even the semi-initiated reader in the mysteries of these elaborate old dances. When he comes to the subject of waltzing Mr. Scott is easier to follow, though some of his test questions to ascertain the proficiency of the male waltzer strike us as being not altogether to the point. He wants to know whether "your knees ever come in contact with those of the lady?" and whether "you occasionally dance *on* instead of *between* her toes?" We should be interested to learn whether the author himself is capable of executing the latter alternative.

THE HAPPY COUNTRYMAN

The Heart of Nature. By Sir Francis Younghusband. Murray. 12s. net.

A Traveller in Little Things. By W. H. Hudson. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

IT was no surprise when a flood of mysticism came over Richard Jefferies, at whose feet our writers on country things have been used to sit. His 'Story of My Heart,' which he wrote last, takes high place in mystic literature, though many, who are not altogether Philistine, prefer 'The Gamekeeper' of his unregenerate days. The mystic heights that Jefferies reached, by gradations nearly parallel to his progressive loss of bodily vitality, have been topped almost at a leap and with little warning by Sir Francis Younghusband. His conversion—the word is scarcely too strong—followed, one might infer, his passage through perhaps the most marvellous epitome of landscape glories in the world. As you climb to certain peaks of the Himalaya you pass through belts of scenery belonging to most categories of botanical glory, and to many of zoology and geology. Within a belt of a hundred miles

The World's riches which dispersed lie
Contract into a span.

The valley and the hill, the forest and the champagne, the arctic and the tropics spread out their proper glories one over the other till the imaginative memory is shot with super-imposed colour and wonder. All the kingdoms of the world have revealed their splendours; and

the dazed mind gropes for the divine thread, the mystical meaning behind the phenomena, in the philosophic sense of the word. Sir Joseph Hooker took this journey and saved himself by the attention to detail proper to a born botanist. It is true that Sir Francis ties his bouts of ecstasy together with descriptions of poppy, fern, rhododendron and orchid that would not disgrace a gardener's catalogue. But his description of Sikkim and the rest is little more than a text for his new form of natural religion.

This mysterious Power we have not found reigning remote in the empty spaces of the heavens. We have found it dwelling in every minutest particle of which this earth and all the world is built. . . . We have found it to be both immanent and transcendent.

Well, perhaps people may be wooed to a love of natural beauty by talk of Kantian Immanence and Transcendence; but a better way is fond and faithful insight into the way of this and that plant or animal. The mysticism is too crude and general to warm our imagination as it could be warmed, for example, by a well-told tale of the wonderful journey which began in the steaming flats with *Osmunda Regalis* and ended after the passage of a tropical forest, with a single lichen on a snowy stone. Even a fervent admirer of 'The Story of My Heart' might wish that the President of the Royal Geographical Society had given him more Himalaya and less theology.

Mr. Hudson, the Jefferies of our days, has passed farther away from mysticism with every book he has written. In one of the only essays in his latest book that directly deals with a theme from natural history he writes a sentence that might be a conscious answer to Sir Francis. "Our maker and mother mocks at our efforts—at our philosophic refuges, and sweeps them away with a wave of emotion." Immanence and transcendence are not in his line. And more and more, as he writes, Mr. Hudson builds himself on the little concrete things of daily life, as his title itself suggests; and he gives us more of people than of other natural history. Many things remind one more of Mr. Davies, the super-tramp, than of Gilbert White or Warde Fowler. He has just that simple way of setting down little episodes without any comment whatever, or even any suggestion that he wishes to emphasise any particular attribute. This is the virtue of the book; but it leaves it open to the charge that a good quantity of the episodes have nothing in them that is capable of comment or worth the trouble.

We must confess that some of the child studies in the chapter 'Little Girls I have Met,' have a full share of the fatuity that on occasion befell, may one say, Wordsworth in 'Peter Bell' or Dickens in 'The Old Curiosity Shop'? There is a certain amount of emotional rubbish in the little things in which Mr. Hudson travels. The old commercial traveller who "could not have improved his appearance if he had been on his way to attend the funeral of a millionaire," was not altogether wrong when he gave Mr. Hudson his admirable title, saying, "You are a traveller in little things—something very small—which takes you into villages and hamlets, where you meet and converse with small farmers, inn keepers, labourers, and their wives and other people who live on the land." Some of the things are very small, as small as small beer, for Mr. Hudson is so good a draughtsman, that, like Mr. Muirhead Bone, he must draw all he sees with too little care in selection. But when that is said, the worst is said. Gems there are of great price. 'How I found my title,' is one, and for pure wayward laughter, the story of the sweep and his jackdaw is hard to parallel in literature. Yet something that we expect in Mr. Hudson's best work is missing. Probably the absent quality is continuity. Articles make indifferent books, though one or two may be worth many volumes. It is more than a personal plea of an impersonal reviewer to express the hope that Mr. Hudson has not quite deserted birds for his newer subject, man. He writes better about willow warblers than little girls.

THE VICTORIAN GRAPE

Angels and Ministers. Three Plays of Victorian Shade and Character. By Laurence Housman. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

"EXIT Mr. John Brown, nicely accompanied by Mop." Mop is Queen Victoria's poodle, and "nicely accompanied" is a charming touch. But then touch is all that matters in these little plays. "The bloom upon the grape only fully appears when it is ripe for death." The Victorian age has passed; its bloom lingers in one or two gentle minds. Mr. Housman would seize the fragrance and the memory before they are departed for ever. He would present his characters "as they really were." As if that were possible or really mattered very much! In 'The Queen: God Bless Her!' Disraeli talks to his Royal Lady on the lawn at Balmoral. It is a sentimental colloquy. The old statesman woos his mistress with a wealth of compliment and courtesy which, surely, never passed between human beings. He does not make the mistake of addressing the Queen as though she were a public meeting, but he does throw off at her, impromptu, the last pages of an admirably composed romance. We ask ourselves whether there is sincerity here in either the old virtuoso or in Mr. Housman. But it is all beautifully put, the sentiments are "nicely accompanied"; and since both the character and the restorer are artists, perhaps this is enough. The Queen is touched in reverentially, hedged about with that sadly dating fiction of divinity in which Mr. Housman is a late last believer, yet girlish and without pretentiousness. Once or twice the note is a trifle uncertain. "The Fall made the human race decent, even if it did no good otherwise," is strangely like the Lady Bracknell or Miss Prism of a very different order of comedy. The figure of John Brown hovers discreetly in the background, and if we do not make very much of him it may be because Mr. Housman does not want us to. Were the play ever to be acted we should imagine the transition from Dizzy's faltering "A Ministering Angel, thou!" to the Queen's tearful "Oh! Albert! Albert!" to be very difficult of accomplishment. It is not easy of assent even in reading.

'His Favourite Flower,' a picture of querulous and disillusioned old age, hardly comes off. To our way of thinking the third play, 'The Comforter,' possesses the finest bloom. Mr. Gladstone has brought two guests to dinner, Lord Rendel to play backgammon, Mr. John Morley to break to Mrs. Gladstone the news of her husband's retirement. Not even desolation can shake the lady's intellectual honesty. "Ireland kept Mr. Gladstone in politics: if that goes, he goes with it," says Morley. "But Ireland—doesn't go." "As the cause for a General Election it goes, I'm afraid." "But that isn't honest, Mr. Morley." Morley agrees. "Ireland remains; and the problem will get worse." Mrs. Gladstone confesses that if her husband had not made her pray for Mr. Chamberlain every night of her life, she would positively have hated him. Morley asks mischievously whether she prays for plain "Joe Chamberlain," or whether she puts in the "Mister." "I have never mentioned the name at all," retorts Mrs. Gladstone, "I leave it to Providence to be understood." The old lady says all that she thinks. "The Queen will offer Mr. Gladstone a peerage. And she knows he won't accept it. So that gives her the advantage of seeming—magnanimous!" "Dear lady, you say rather terrible things—sometimes!" replies Morley. The scene of comfort between the old people is beautifully done. But is disappointment the necessary end to a life of battles? Then is not political old age nicely accompanied. Disraeli's mood is bitter, Gladstone's melancholy gentle. But it was stupid of them both not to see that being in a state of winning or losing at the moment when death happens to interfere is of no importance. The struggle and not its event is what matters. The old men had been the better for a course of their brother Victorians, Stevenson or

Browning. This little defect away, the plays make up a bouquet of singular fragrance. They are written with the finest feeling and the nicest tact.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF THE NOVEL

Delusion and Dream. By Prof. Sigmund Freud. Translated by Helen M. Downey. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

IT was a happy thought of Professor Freud's to turn for a change from the somewhat dreary analysis of the dreams of actual persons to the dreams attributed by novelists to characters in their books. The novel here chosen for examination is one called 'Gradiva,' by Wilhelm Jensen, which its author describes as "a Pompeian Fancy"; this is first translated in full, followed by Prof. Freud's analysis.

The story is a dull one of a young German archaeologist and mysogynist who conceived an infatuation for a maiden in a bas-relief, and nicknamed her Gradiva on account of her peculiar and beautiful manner of walking as depicted by her sculptor. He had a nightmare in which he and Gradiva figured in the destruction of Pompeii, and on waking saw from his bedroom window a girl walking in the street below with Gradiva's same peculiar and beautiful gait. Then, obeying some inexplicable impulse, he travelled to Pompeii, where amidst the ruins he three times met at the noontide hour of returning spirits a woman he took to be the resurrected Gradiva; but who turned out eventually, of course, to be the German girl whom he had seen from his window walking in the street, and whom he appropriately marries. That, very briefly, is the story of 'Gradiva,' which Prof. Freud proceeds to analyse. We can imagine few people being interested by the novel itself, which indeed is scarcely comprehensible without the aid of psycho-analysis. That, however, is beside the point. What is apposite and at the same time an interesting speculation is how the story ever came to be written without a knowledge of psycho-analysis and dream-interpretation—a knowledge which the author indignantly repudiates, being supported in his contention by the date of its publication, 1903. It must have bewildered the German public to read this strange, dismal tale; but its detail and the significance especially of its dream-content is so precise in its description and so exactly corresponds to known and investigated cases of "delusion," that we are left with the conviction that the story is strictly autobiographical. No man could by a series of lucky chances string together a complete chain of abnormal mental phenomena without a single flaw or a single insignificant detail.

Prof. Freud's investigation of the case proceeds on his usual lines. The young archaeologist is suffering from repression of his erotic emotions by the subject of his studies. All the customary evidences of repression are present; the inability to recognise his former lover, or to recall to mind circumstances connected with their past friendship; unrecognised erotic investigations in the guise of archaeological discovery; and so on. His dreams likewise provide point by point evidence of this repression; his "anxiety-dream," with its terror of destruction, is but the sex-impulse turned to fear, which (according to Prof. Freud) is one of the "rules" of dreams; the fact that he and Gradiva figure as living contemporaneously in Pompeii is but the perverted subconscious knowledge that Gradiva is the counterpart of his living but forgotten German lover; and so on. It is an interesting and instructive treatise; but to get the most out of it a familiarity with Prof. Freud's 'Interpretation of Dreams' is essential.

The translation is spiritless. Can no equivalent be found for a "docent" of archaeology? Our poor deluded young German had troubles enough without being saddled with this additional incomprehensibility.

JAPAN AS A SEA POWER

The Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan. By Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard. Murray. 18s. net.

THIS book gives a connected account from the time of the earliest authentic records to the present century of the influence of the sea on the fortunes of Japan. Written in a clear, straightforward manner, it appears opportunely, not only because of the Washington Conference, but for another reason which that Conference may emphasize. For it directs the attention of the British public to the decisive importance of sea-power at a moment when the strength of the British Navy is not so great as could be wished, and looks like being reduced by short-sighted economists far below the standard hitherto regarded as essential for safety. The point of view adopted by Admiral Ballard in this book is, as might be expected, almost entirely naval, as he dwells chiefly on the maritime side of the various wars in which Japan has been engaged from the defeat of her attempt on Korea and China in the sixteenth century under Hideyoshi to her victory over Russia in 1904-1905. His account of Yi Sun, the Korean admiral who by the use of sea-power brought utterly to naught all the efforts of the Japanese to conquer Korea some four hundred years ago, recalls a sailor whom he rightly characterises as "one of the greatest leaders of men in history, with a genius for strategy."

But interest centres in his description of and comments on the naval story of Japan as it was unfolded in her war with China in 1894 and with Russia ten years afterwards. In the first Japan was victorious over a superior fleet because, as Admiral Ballard points out, that fleet was incompetently handled, and she was successful in the second against greater odds for very similar reasons, the loss of Makaroff, the best admiral Russia possessed, at an early stage in the struggle being virtually decisive. One thing this book should do, and that is to draw attention to the fact that for hundreds of years the Japanese have been a militant people, fighting being practically continuous either among themselves, a process that led to the survival of the strongest and cleverest, or with other nations. With regard to the tremendous controversy over China that is implicit in the Washington Conference, he remarks that if a day comes when diplomacy fails to settle some question in which Japan considers herself vitally interested, the influence of the sea on her history will once more play an all-important part, and he states that with "a couple of hundred" submarines at her disposal "no foreign battle-squadron would ever be likely to approach her coasts or attempt to enter the Yellow Sea." He does not add, as he might have done, that according to common report Japan is at present constructing in secret large numbers of submarines.

EINSTEIN IN SNIPPETS

Relativity and Gravitation. Edited by J. Malcolm Bird. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

THIS extraordinary book is the scissors-and-paste production of the enterprising editor of an enterprising journal. The *Scientific American* offered last year on behalf of one of its supporters, Mr. Eugene Higgins, a five-thousand-dollar prize for the best non-technical account, in 3,000 words, of Einstein's theory. The prize, as is well known, was awarded to Mr. Lyndon Bolton of our Patent Office, who was successful among 300 competitors. Mr. Bird, the "Einstein" editor of the *Scientific American*, has conceived the ingenious idea of a kind of joint production of the whole 300, by piecing together selected passages, supplying himself the connecting remarks. The effect is extremely odd and not a little bewildering.

To have done the obvious thing, and published the more important of the essays side by side with the

prize essay, as submitted to the judges, would have been an invitation to the public to sit in judgment on the judges. This is avoided altogether. Yet there are some curious revelations. There is no doubt that the essay selected deserved the prize, and no doubt that the selection was made on the best possible principle. It appears to have been the plainest and most correct statement of the actual principle. But we are told that another essay would probably have received the prize had its author only refrained from pointing a moral. The astonishing thing, however, is that when we turn to the essay in question, though it is perfectly clear and, as it claims, "in ideas of one syllable," it is not about the principle of relativity at all, and there is nothing to show us whether the candidate does or does not understand it. What it endeavours to do is to explain the alleged facts of relativity on a materialistic hypothesis.

It is, however, the introductory discussion entitled 'The World—and Us,' which has the greatest surprises in store. It begins with Comte's law of the three stages—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive (here named the scientific)—but apparently under the impression that it is the original notion of the candidate out of whose essay it is snipped. Then we find the well-known anecdote of our merry monarch and the fellows of the Royal Society attributed to "generation after generation of Greek philosophers," who, we are told, disputed learnedly why and how it was that a live fish could be added to a brimming pail of water without raising the level of the fluid or increasing the weight. The Greeks, indeed, are held up to us as a peculiarly wrong-headed set of people, and we have to thank them for most of our intellectual troubles. Socrates, we are told, originated the notion of innate ideas.

AN OLD BOHEMIAN

Days and Ways of an old Bohemian. By Major Fitzroy Gardner. Murray. 16s. net.

THE apprehensions with which we approach volumes of the reminiscences of elderly, even if evergreen, gentlemen are pleasantly dissipated by Major Fitzroy Gardner. Born in 1854, he must in the course of his kaleidoscopic career have made many friends, countless acquaintances, and, it is to be hoped, the proper number of enemies. All of these will doubtless read with satisfaction and often with enjoyment the recollections which he sets before them in an amiable and discursive manner. The old Court of Exchequer, Lloyds', the Stock Exchange, journalism, and theatrical management at home and abroad have contributed to the sum of his many and varied occupations—and he has been, as well, a Census enumerator, a pioneer of Swiss winter sports, a club secretary, a deputy superintendent registrar of marriages, and an assistant provost marshal. The majority of readers will probably take the livelier interest in the chapters dealing with theatrical gossip, more especially in his entertaining experiences as business manager to Beer-bohm Tree, with whom he was associated at the time of the inception and completion of His Majesty's Theatre. He tells many new and amusing anecdotes which illustrate admirably the whimsical and sprightly humour of the distinguished actor-manager. It will probably be news to many that Joseph Chamberlain wrote a political play which was submitted to Tree. Unfortunately, it had not sufficient dramatic interest to warrant its production on the stage.

In August, 1914, Major Gardner most gallantly, if somewhat deceitfully, enlisted, and after a few months' service as a military policeman was given a commission and appointed A.P.M. at Chatham, where his intimate knowledge of the German language was most useful. His account of his manifold duties make instructive as well as entertaining reading, and his criticisms of War Office red-tape

of the "passed to you, please" order, are amply and depressingly justified. On the eve of demobilisation Major Gardner was appointed Control Officer of the Inter-Allied Police of Upper Silesia, and he describes with much spirit his difficult and often dangerous task on the Polish frontier, which takes us, ungeographically speaking, a long way from the Bohemia of the title page. This appointment he apparently still holds, and at some future time he may give us a more detailed account of his experiences and adventures in that disturbed district.

A TRAVELLER'S DIARY

Travel in the Two Last Centuries of Three Generations. Edited by S. R. Roget. Fisher Unwin. 16s. net.

THERE are two sorts of diaries, the romantic, which is usually dull, and the matter-of-fact, which is nearly always interesting. These records of the journeys of members of the Roget family belong to the second class. They show us, in prose that is vivid, because it is close to life, the various discomforts and excitements to which our ancestors were put in their journeys in this country and on the Continent. The earliest record, that of the wife of the Huguenot minister, the Rev. Jean Roget, who travelled from London to Geneva in 1779, is typical. The journey was a terrible ordeal, so much dreaded by Mrs. Roget, that she notes, "Really I pray heartily I may be monstrous sick, that I may lose all feeling and compassion (for an unquiet mind is the worst of maladies)". However, fortunately she survived, and was later able to write an account of a journey from London to Edinburgh. This is how she describes some of her fellow-travellers:

We waited at the post-office about half an hour, when by the sound of the horn we drove on very pleasantly, and as we advanced, our opposite neighbour's clack abated. He at last put on his large fur cap, after apologising to Nannette for his frightful appearance. Peter, who had forgotten his nightcap, tied his handkerchief round his head.

In spite of the assurances of the editor, we are unable to find in this book any material of particular interest to the historian, although now and then there is a glimpse of some historical character which lingers in the memory. For instance, in 1802 Dr. Roget saw Napoleon in a great State procession, going to the ceremony of Notre Dame, when a Te Deum was performed inaugurating "La Paix Religieuse." The First Consul is described as

bowing in response to the applause of the populace. His carriage was drawn by eight superbly decorated horses. Immediately after it came six Arabian horses led by Mamelukes from Egypt. After these marched troops to the number of 10,000. The carriages of the ambassadors followed in succession.

It is an entertaining book because it is a simple record of simple people, and its proper place is not so much in a library as by the bedside.

Fiction

The Street that Ran Away. By Elizabeth Croly. Mills and Boon. 5s. net.

The Chronicles of Dawnhope. By G. F. Bradby. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

The White Riband. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THE trouble about the new novels of both Mr. Bradby and Miss Tennyson Jesse is that they will be presented to the wrong people if their donors do not carefully study their contents. It is a danger which does not encompass Miss Croly's first novel. Its title and its skimble-skamble lollipop-windowed dust-cover will send it as directly into the hearts of the large-eyed young folk for whom it is intended as the money-boxes in department-stores are despatched by their central

young lady to the tributary young ladies at the far ends of the wires. They will particularly appreciate the "Pantomime Fairy" who talks in couplets as tearfully conscious that they have not the perfection of a Dryden as that anxious and buxom lady herself is conscious that she is not the real thing, the quite real thing, in fairies.

Mr. Bradby's 'The Chronicles of Dawnhope' is attired in so staid a costume that on first lifting it we sigh with dim words: "Another public-school story; all ingredients correctly mixed; misunderstood hero; chapel-bells tolling stickily across the close, hero saves house at expense of left lung—'Adventures of Greyfriars,' 'Boys of St. Swanage,' 'The Fifth Form at Manlytowers'—parents will add it without fear to Jim's library when Jim returns for the holidays; it is a tired world." But as we have intimated, they will do so at their peril. Particularly if they live in Golder's Green or Hampstead, whither Mr. Bradby directs his most uncomfortable shafts. The people who will fully appreciate 'The Chronicles of Dawnhope' must not only read the *Times Educational Supplement* very carefully indeed, and not only possess a sense of humour which would seem contrary to the very qualities which make that occupation possible, they must be aware of the gargoyle shapes which the spirit of innovation has taken unto itself for a score of years in scores of obscure experimental schools throughout the country. Every variety of freak theory takes shelter under the wings of Dr. Tregaras at 'Dawnhope.' There is a gentleman who rises before cock-crow to perform, *in puris naturalibus*, a series of "simple exercises in no way connected with athletics, properly so called." For instance "you begin Exercise Eleven by standing on the left leg, with outstretched arms, and gently rub the calf with the disengaged foot." Hospitality is accorded to a new psychic exercise in which the boys are requested to "relax the conscious" in order to designate with chalks the perfervid æsthetic of their subconscious minds. Dr. Tregaras establishes a "Committee of Public Safety" whose political activities during the absence of the Arch-Theoretician are worthy of study. Mr. Bradby adds to 'Dangerous Ages' and the skit now running at the Everyman Theatre a new and not less delightful twisting of Herr Freud's most solemn tail.

'The White Riband' has the appearance of a gift which would be highly acceptable to those persons who are animadverted upon in Miss Jesse's sub-title, 'A Young Female's Folly.' It would be as mistaken as to present the Tarzan series of romances to a colony of apes; for it cannot be denied that the culture of those works is, after all, on a level worthy of a slightly higher destiny. The gift of 'The White Riband' to very young ladies would be unwise if only because the ultimate chapter in the history of Loveday, the childish and unhappy heroine of this "ballet in words," is her own self-destruction; and the event is so wistfully, so exquisitely described, that a real fear may be entertained lest an impressionable recipient of this story may imitate its heroine, either to ease a moment of melancholy or to inspire further writing from Miss Jesse of so fragrant a quality. Loveday, a Cornish child-of-love, strikes the attention, for one casual moment, of the aristocratic Miss Le Pettitt. This lady thereupon invites her to be her partner in the forthcoming village dance. Loveday, spurned by the village maidens, falls into a passion of adoration for the high lady who has stooped to her. But it is the fervour of a diverted self-love, the first awakening of maturity. The story centres round Loveday's efforts to attain the riband she needs in order to complete her white dancing-dress. It passes, by way of the horrified ignorance Miss Le Pettitt manifests towards Loveday when she at last comes to offer her partnership, to the pathetic culmination we have described. As we should expect in a story deliberately based on the conventions of the ballet, the idea is not original. The best of Maria Edgeworth's 'Moral Tales,' 'Angelina, or L'amie In-

connue,' and 'Madeline,' a brilliant and more recent piece of work by Miss Hope Mirrlees, are based on a similar philosophy. If not for Miss Jesse's tendency to over-emphasis—her epilogue is the most conspicuous example—'The White Riband' could be stated to have bettered its formidable predecessors. But we shall not accept life with real complacency until Lopokova has translated into movement the persistent invitation to feat limbs and sweet instruments which underlies the whole of this story.

The Trembling of a Leaf. By W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE may be only the trembling of a leaf between extreme joy and extreme despair, but there is the whole crashing of a tree between mediocre short stories scraped together from magazine publication, and a volume, like that before us, in which each separate tale is begun by inspiration and completed by artistic perfection. Mr. Somerset Maugham has chosen the South Sea Islands for his setting because he obviously enjoys heightening the contrast between the wonderful serene backcloth of lagoon, hibiscus blossom, coconut tree and scented romantic dusk, and the bitter futile tragedies thrown up against it in strong black. To keep intact our youthful illusions about magical coral islands where the bread-fruit grows, we should firmly refuse to read accounts of them by any author who has voyaged further than Southend. Gross wheezing men, with bald shiny heads, and their necks roll upon roll of pink flabbiness, appear to populate Honolulu, Tahiti and Samoa in enormous quantities; and only one story out of the six, 'The Fall of Edward Barnard,' could possibly be used as even a mild advertisement for these places by any enterprising steamship or hotel company. Edward Barnard must have been conceived in a rare moment of softness, for he does actually find peace and magic upon Tahiti, and a semi-humorous shrug-of-the-shoulders contentment; but all the other depraved white men who have drifted to these fairytale islands live mainly upon one another's screaming nerves; they drink, and dope, and marry half-caste wives, and lose their self-respect, and are flouted and jeered at, and commit suicide, and the rain drums malignantly on the corrugated iron roofs, and they all live happy ever after.

In the story which should be placed second on the list of excellence, 'Mackintosh,' the author has undoubtedly sacrificed subtlety to his preference for a sudden brutal push as a final effect. Mackintosh is assistant to the Governor of one of the Samoan group, Walker, a coarse, genial, thick-skinned old ruffian who wins our respect in his poignant death-bed scene, surrounded by the natives whom he has bullied, threatened and underpaid, but who are nevertheless "his children." One of them has shot him with the revolver which Mackintosh, his patience flayed by his chief's chaffing treatment of him, had left lying about on his desk. But Walker gasps out, "Don't make a fuss about this . . . They're damned fools at Apia. If they make a fuss they'll only punish the wrong people. I don't want anyone punished." He dies—and Mackintosh walks out to sea and shoots himself. But a man of his type is much more likely to have passed through the successive stages of utter misery—less misery—slight uneasiness—and, succeeding Walker at his job, pleased consciousness of being the better Governor of the two.

'Rain' is a sheer masterpiece of sardonic horror, beyond criticism.

Nightshade. By M. A. Curtois. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

ROMANCE—the true Gothic romance—is not dead. She has been living a good deal in retirement of late; but ever and again she pays a flying visit to her

devotees, and proves that she has lost none of her enthralling vitality. Once more the thunderstorm bursts in an explosion of sound and flame over the gabled roof of Basset Hall, the wind rumbles in the wide chimneys or sobs in the branches of the great trees that stand about the house, trembling aged servants shake their heads over strange cries and laughter in the night, while by the dying fire (for, though it is summer, the evening has turned dank and chilly) the dreadful dead secrets of the family are spoken of in hushed voices. After a long regimen of plain, every-day diet, the reader falls with appetite on this rich fare. "Are you sure it is horrid?" insisted Catherine Morland, before consenting to read a new book, and most of us have moods in which we deeply sympathise with her craving. 'Nightshade' is undeniably horrid; it is also admirably done. If we seem to have spoken lightly of its school, it has been with no intent to deride that delightful school, or this example of it. The tale itself is puzzling and tragic, the characters real people temporarily drawn into abnormal circumstances, and (most important of all) the feeling of eeriness is sustained throughout with uncommon literary ability. The author's style is well suited to the subject. It has ecstasy. We believe that Mr. Arthur Machen would enjoy it; and indeed there are pages, particularly in the prologue, that faintly recall Mr. Machen's earlier work. Perhaps the book might have been improved by compression; the action is retarded at times by superfluous reflections, or by the description of new characters who are not essential to the story. Nor are the big scenes—the climaxes—brought off with quite that triumphant certainty that we find, let it be said, in Sheridan Le Fanu. But this is to be over-exacting and ungrateful. 'Nightshade' is, as it stands, an excellent and thrilling piece of work, and has given us some memorable hours of escape from the flat landscape of commonplace life into the wild mountain regions of fancy.

Magazines

The *Fortnightly* has three articles bearing on the Washington Conference, one by Mr. Whelpley, expressing America's fear of Japan, and wish to discuss a possible partnership of nations; one by Mr. Hurd on the naval issue; and a very good account by Mr. Robert Machray of the present situation in both China and Japan and of the chief personalities in these countries. He foresees that China must appear at the Conference as an accuser of Japan. The first chapters of Lord Acton's *American Diaries*—a visit in 1853—are interesting reading. Mr. Galsworthy in 'Castles in Spain' makes an eloquent plea for a return to beauty in common life, and Mr. E. V. Lucas on 'The Evolution of Whimsicality' traces its development with a free touch from Cowper through Lamb to Dickens. Mr. Robert Wilton writes a very valuable and extraordinarily vivid account of the confusion in Siberia after the Revolution, where he spent a year with General Kolchak, showing how the present crisis in the Pacific had its sources in the happenings of that time. A very good description of the installation of the Emir Feisal is given in 'The Fealty of the Tribes.' A very diversified and unusually good number.

Blackwood this month has fewer articles than usual, but all are of the very best. 'Desert Blades' tells of the Arab at his noblest; 'Green Hills' of sporting adventure in Further India; 'Felicitas' is a story of the native Mexican and his ways with foreigners who meddle with his womankind; and 'Tales of the R.I.C.' lead up to the Truce; 'Musings without Method' discourse of scholarly Premiers of the past and of the evil days of the present.

Cornhill contains some unusually interesting articles besides its current fiction, now at its climax, and an attack on the Jury system by a K.C. who has an easy task in pointing out some of its weak spots, but neglects the protection it has afforded in the past. Mr. A. Marshall traces the characteristics of Balaustion in Mrs. Browning, and suggests that in 'Balaustion's Adventure' we have Browning's account of his love story. Some charming letters from Dr. Jessop to a child, granddaughter of Burne Jones, are models of what such things should be. Mr. Huxley describes Spitzbergen in its geological and geographical aspect, and there are several sketches and short stories.

In the *English Review* Dr. Dillon on 'The Neo-Monroe Doctrine' calls attention to the fact that the change in Mexican Government towards good order has brought about no corresponding change in the relations of the United States with it. Vernon Lee has a sketch in the manner of Sir Richard Garnett, and there is an attack on 'The Inner Life of Pauper Asylums.' Mr. Sturge Moore has a strangely charming poem 'To a Man Unnamed.'

In the *National Review* a Japanese journalist gives his view of the Washington Conference, and Col. Repington describes the 'Personalities in Europe' who have come to the front since the Peace. Mr. R. M. Lucas in 'Did Lord Derby write Shakespeare?' reiterates the *ipse dixit* of Professor Abel Lefranc. Mr. Lucas should read Mr. W. Poel's summary of what is known, believed, and not believed about Shakespeare by scholars before he presumes to write as an authority. Mr. B. H. Hart puts the leading lawn tennis players of the world in an honours list in order of merit—an Englishman fifth. The 'Episodes of the Month' are as acid and stimulating as ever.

La Revue de Genève has as its principal article a study of 'Jules Laforgue et la Musique' and a short story of Laforgue's 'Une Vengeance à Berlin.' Six poems by Walter de la Mare are published in English, with a literal version on the opposite page. The 'Chroniques' are on Belgium, the United States, and France. Prof. Miliukoff deprecates sending food to the present Government of Russia on the ground that it would be used against Europe, and Nansen replies.

The reader of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will turn with most interest to an account of 'La Toussaint au Mont Athos'—very well told, and an article on the centenary of Undine Valmore, whose name is connected with that of Saint-Beuve. The *Mercur de France* has an article on Satanism, another on the Tarot, and another on Astrology, while sane readers will find an interesting note on Gauguin in Tahiti, and another on Ernest Raynaud. Catalan, Spanish-American, and Russian contemporary literature is described.

Shorter Notices

The Quatrains of Ibn, Et Tetfrid, by John Payne (John Payne Society, 15s.) is Mr. Payne's confession of faith, cast in the form of quatrains resembling to some extent those of Omar Khayyam, and, in two earlier privately printed editions, put in the mouth of a supposititious Persian journalist, Mohammed Ibn Et Tetfrid. In this respect Mr. Payne followed the precedent of Sir Richard Burton, who printed his poetical profession under the title of 'Kasidah of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi.' He is a pessimist, pre-occupied with quick-coming death, and accepting no supernatural sanctions, walks erect in the face of the world—in short, he reflects the spirit of the last decades of the nineteenth century. The form of his verse gives opportunity for much vocal music, which he sometimes destroys by crabbed constructions. Here is a specimen:

"The huckster, the hustler, when forced to live lonely,
Go mad;
But the thinker, the dreamer, in solitude only
Are glad."

"A speaking ass was for a wonder in olden
Days writ;
But now, if he speak not, a miracle holden
Is it."

Mr. Thomas Wright, the editor of this edition, has devoted much care to its preparation, and has added some very characteristic notes.

The Rainfall of the British Isles, by M. de Carle S. Salter (University of London Press, 8s. 6d. net) with 126 illustrations, is the result of a close study of the facts that have been brought out by the rainfall observations that have now been carried on over the British Isles for nearly half a century. It describes the physical causes which produce rainfall, the ways in which it has been and is now measured, the way in which it is mapped, and the establishment of certain regions of distribution. The daily, seasonal, and annual fluctuations of rainfall are, each of them, the subject of separate chapters, all of them abundantly illustrated. The book is clearly and simply written, without calling for any scientific knowledge in the reader, except, perhaps, in the description of the more complicated apparatus, and should find a large public, considering that the weather is the commonest topic of conversation. Mr. Salter is the authority on this subject, and his book will be, of necessity, a reference book to all interested in the matter.

Mr. Milne's *The Sunny Side* (Methuen, 6s. net) contains some of his best contributions to *Punch*, in that light tongue which is the printed language at least of the Knights of the Round Table. His Celas and Myras live and move with a guileful grace that is always sufficient, as it should be, to turn the edge of their menfolk's obvious ironies. His is a world of contentment in which there is nothing more seriously wrong than officialism, pomposity, and social consequence; and his mild comedies are admirably illustrated by Mr. George Morrow. He is more in his native element in prose than in verse; he has a mastery of his element. "Evove" as a versifier has less of a mastery than a mastery facility, which is well shown in *Parodies Regained* (Methuen, 5s. net). 'The David Jazz' and the Sussex dialect song are brilliant specimens of word play. 'The Singing Head' and 'The Rovers' are just a thought strained, and so less effective than they should have been. But the mocking humour of the whole collection, which is not without the "sub-acid tinkle" that the parodist is prone to affect, makes it a fitting companion to the gentler genius of 'The Sunny Side.'

In *The Gain of Personality* (Murray, 6s. net.) Mr. W. Charles Loosmore treats in a serious yet popular style of the art of making the best of oneself. He shows that the qualities which attract sympathy or excite antipathy are in the main acquired and not, as is commonly assumed, innate; and that to acquire and cultivate those which are desirable and weed out the others is by no means a hopeless task if tackled with intelligence and determination. If people were accustomed to think about the things here dealt with half as earnestly and persistently as they think about improving their swing at golf or their footwork at lawn tennis, happiness and success in life would doubtless be more widely diffused. Few, indeed, of us have acquired a "form" so irreplaceable as to have nothing to gain from Mr. Loosmore's thoughtful and sensible teaching.

Marjorie Conyers. By G. I. Whitham. Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

Fiction is valued by its consumers for different qualities: stimulant, tonic, cathartic, anodyne, or merely soporific. The class to which 'Marjorie Conyers' belongs may be described as a combination of the nutritive and the sedative—a kind of literary Ovaltine. It temporarily satisfies the appetite of those who need a regular diet of novels, digests easily, and leaves the nervous system placid. Miss Whitham's story is refined and artless, written in the speech of educated people, if with no distinction of style, and incapable of causing offence to any imaginable mind. None of the characters (not even the lovely cousin who attempts, in a manner foredoomed to failure, to wreck the heroine's maidenly love affair) has any serious defects; and, although it is difficult to feel excitement about the fact of any of them, one is idly drawn on to confirm a confident anticipation that all comes right in the end. There is a gentle surprise in the last few pages—Marjorie does not inherit the estate, which we had already come to regard as practically hers; but the shock is insufficient to disturb the sense of peace induced by her simple biography. She marries her only suitor, a worthy and gifted youth, who must have made a fortune at the bar, had not the lure of aviation tempted him to lay aside the wig and gown. A young man who can hold the entire court spell-bound by his dramatic tones and gestures, and entertain even the judge with his jests, when conducting (on circuit) the only case in which he was ever engaged, might clearly go far, if he chose. However, we are sure that his aeroplanes produced sufficient wealth and fame to justify his change of career and compensate for the loss of the Langley property; and that his union with Marjorie was a complete success in every way.

Middle Class. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

The title of this novel is quite inappropriate to its standing in contemporary fiction, in the upper class of which it is worthy, without any sort of doubt, to take an assured place. To a style at once fluent and scrupulous, the author adds a lively and judiciously disciplined sense of humour; the character drawing is close and individual, the plot interesting, and the South African setting, with its picturesque scenery, its diamond mines, its native servants, and so on, attractive. Indeed, the critical reader will be in the gratifyingly unusual position of being unable to find fault with the book in any particular. It has not that startling energy that marks a masterpiece—that is about all he will be able to say in its disfavour. And masterpieces are rare.

Tessa Wendover, with her rebellious appetite for life, makes a sympathetic heroine; her family and friends are most impartially presented; and it is even possible to see the point of view of the man who victimises her, for all his egoism and inconsistency. These are real human beings, and no mere personifications of vices and virtues. If Mrs. Wendover was a lovable mother and woman, she had a hot, jealous temper; if Tessa's unsuccessful suitor shirked his duty in the war, he was none the less a good fellow, kind-hearted, amusing, and faithful. Mr. Wendover had a limited mind, a petty fussiness of character, but he was just and conscientious; even his trivial daughter-in-law made her husband very happy and comfortable. One knows and understands them all, down to Charlie, the Zulu "boy," of whom there is a charming little thumbnail sketch. It would be unfair to betray the plan of the tale here. The public may be assured that it is very well worth its while to read 'Middle Class,' and discover it for itself. Mrs. Millin is to be congratulated on an exceedingly able piece of work.

On Hazardous Service. By Mervyn Lamb. Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.

The war has proved a gold-mine to writers of spy stories and similar tales, who have no longer to rely solely upon their own imaginations. Truth is more exciting than fiction. Mr. Mervyn Lamb in 'On Hazardous Service' recounts the truly astounding adventures of a party of secret service agents in occupied French territory. Crossing the lines in an aeroplane, Jean—a retired smuggler, now *un brave poilu*—sets out upon his investigations accompanied (not according to plan) by the British pilot of the machine which landed him and unfortunately crashed in attempting to get off again. Their subsequent experiences make most exciting reading. Their luck was certainly so consistently good that sometimes the reader is tempted to wonder whether, once the aeroplane was destroyed, they did not indulge in occasional flights of another kind. However that may be, this is a book of which it may be truly said that it both holds the reader's attention, gives him the right kind of thrills, and makes him want more.

The Highland Host (Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net) is the background to its author's two war-books, 'Gog' and 'Battle Days.' Mr. Fetterless is something of a rarity to-day in the world of novelists. He can treat the simplest of themes, that of a Highland family, the Bible ever in the hands of its members, the children growing up in the fear of the God of their fathers, in the simplest of fashions, without ever tempting his readers to an irreverent smile. In this task he is aided by two high qualities—knowledge and faith. He knows his people to their bones, and he believes in them, in their virtues, their religion, their rugged strength. There is nothing showy about his workmanship, but it is honest and sound like his characters. James M'Douall, in his childhood, boyhood and young manhood, going forth from his tiny village to the office of the Edinburgh lawyer, going forth to the war, returning to end the village feud by marrying the daughter of the man who had wronged his father, is a fine example of the young Scot, unspoiled and uncorroded, who is the nearest approach to the youth of Sparta that the modern world produces. Mr. Fetterless says in his introduction that from the vast and complex British background he has selected but a phase. That tiny phase, however, represented a mighty force of character, just as the men who belonged to it represented often in the Great War the kernel of our attack and defence.

The Blue Hat, by Margaret Westrup (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net), tells how a young artist settled in Cornwall married a girl out of a London hat shop. The contrast between the life in a lonely village on the sea-shore and her ideal of a small house in the suburbs and a share in a millinery business is too much for Minnie Barton, and she returns to the surroundings she understands. The conflict between artistic unconventionality and vulgar convention is the main interest of a clever story.

Two American stories republished in England, *Her Father's Daughter*, by G. Stratton Porter (Murray, 7s. 6d. net), and *The Pride of Palomar*, by P. B. Kyne (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net), have only interest for us as showing the strength of the feeling against Japanese immigration in the Western States of America, when two "best sellers" are tempted to make it the principal theme of their books. Otherwise, these stories are undistinguished specimens of the saccharine romance.

The Black Moth, by Georgette Heyer (Constable, 7s. net), is a romance of the eighteenth century, with wicked Duke, self-sacrificing elder brother, weak younger brother, highwayman, gambling, abduction, and rescue all complete. The hero takes care to appear in appropriate costume on each occasion we meet him; his horse and his fencing are of the best. Seriously, the author has made quite a respectable story of these old properties, far more life-like than could have been expected.

The Green Stones of Evil, by M. Peterson (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net), is a wild romance of an emerald necklace stolen from an African forest and bringing a curse on everyone who handles it. The book teems with murder, sudden death, and sudden disappearances and resurrections. As such we recommend it to amateurs of this kind of story.

The Law of the Four Just Men, by Edgar Wallace (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net) relates some further exploits of the three survivors of the group. The ten stories of vengeance on criminals outside the law or guarded from its enquiries are quite up to the mark of those the author has already given us, and as his public is assured no more need be said.

The Mirthful Nine, by Morley Roberts (Nash, 7s. 6d. net) is a collection of nine short extravaganzas of rather unequal merit. They all display the technical skill of one of our most practised writers, but their humour is sometimes boisterous, boyish even, and they read better when taken at intervals than in bulk. When is Mr. Roberts going to give us another long story of his best?

The Man from the Wilds, by Harold Bindloss (Ward, Lock, 7s. net) is a Canadian of a Border family who is called back to England to act as trustee for a young girl. His trials and adventures make up one of the stories for which many readers have been grateful to Mr. Bindloss in the times of stress of recent years. The scene is laid on the Borders and in Northern Ontario.

A Song of Araby, by John Guisborough (Mills & Boon, 8s. 6d. net) is the story of Robert Eliot, an Eastern explorer, making an attempt to reconnoitre the Euphrates during the first year of the war and to destroy a gun sent down by the Germans to oppose our landing. It is a good adventure story, has a fine heroine, and a talent for description of the places involved. We recommend it.

The Barn, by Edward Lewis (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d. net) is a well-written attempt to portray the struggle between modern ideas of religion, as represented by John Haslam, a nature lover and born wanderer, and the ancient beliefs as taught by Monica Lethbridge, for the souls of the people of Steepways, a secluded hamlet. Monica has "converted" the village, built a church, and now shepherds her flock. Haslam settles in it by chance, and makes himself one of them, allowing his ideas to permeate by his example. The conflict leads up to an inevitable tragedy. The book is, of its kind, good and shows considerable power of handling his material in the author.

The Long Lone Trail, by A. G. Hales (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net). The author has fallen under the spell of Egypt and

given us a story of which Sir Hall Caine, Sir A. Conan Doyle, or Sir Rider Haggard might envy him the invention, and still more the writing. There is plenty of fighting and some love making and a great deal of mystery, some of it unsolved at the close of the book. Readers of this kind of romance have a feast of it before them.

Romance to the Rescue, by Denis Mackail (Murray, 7s. 6d. net) is a good second book. The author seems to have wavered between continuing the vein of 'What Next' and writing a serious theatrical novel, and though the form suffers in consequence, he may be on the way to establishing a new variety. We shall see, but in the meantime he has written a story which is well worth the trouble of going through the more trivial parts for the sake of the end.

Messrs. Sotheby's are selling on the 14th to 16th and the 21st to 23rd inst. a portion of what is left of the famous Amherst Library, including some remainders of works published for him or by his assistance. One feature of interest is the number of early works on English Freemasonry—old Books of Constitutions, etc., scattered over the sale. There are a few autograph letters—principally of Melancthon, and a number of books printed at Norwich and Worcester in the sixteenth century, works which rarely come into the market. An imperfect copy of the Coverdale Bible of 1535 recalls the unsolved mystery of its origin. There are some fine bindings, and a large number of bibliographical books of value. The 'Liber Veritatis,' of Claude Lorraine, is here in fine condition, there is an imperfect copy of the Wynkyn de Worde Bartholomew, and a good copy of the Berlin Lepsius. There are fifty separate Roxburghe Club Publications, mostly from 1884 on.

Books Received

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

DANTON. By Louis Madelin. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. Heinemann: 15s. net.
GABRIETTA. By Harold Stannard. Methuen: 15s. net.
J. KEIR HARDEE. By William Stewart. Cassell: 15s. net.
MEN I HAVE PAINTED. By J. McLure Hamilton. Fisher Unwin. 30s. net.
MEXICO ON THE VERGE. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. Hutchinson: 21s. net.
RUDYARD KIPLING. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Third Edition. Simpkin: 12s. 6d. net.
THE FALL OF MARY STUART. A Narrative in Contemporary Letters. By Frank A. Mumby. Constable: 18s. net.
THE SUDAN IN EVOLUTION. By Percy F. Martin. Constable: 42s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE. Chosen by A. Methuen. Fifth Edition. Enlarged. Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.
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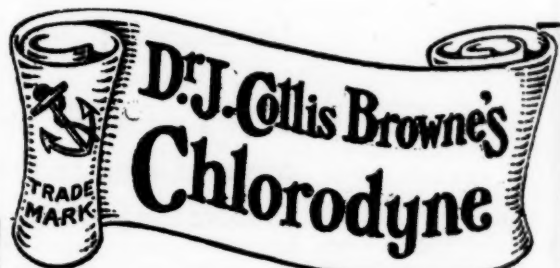
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